



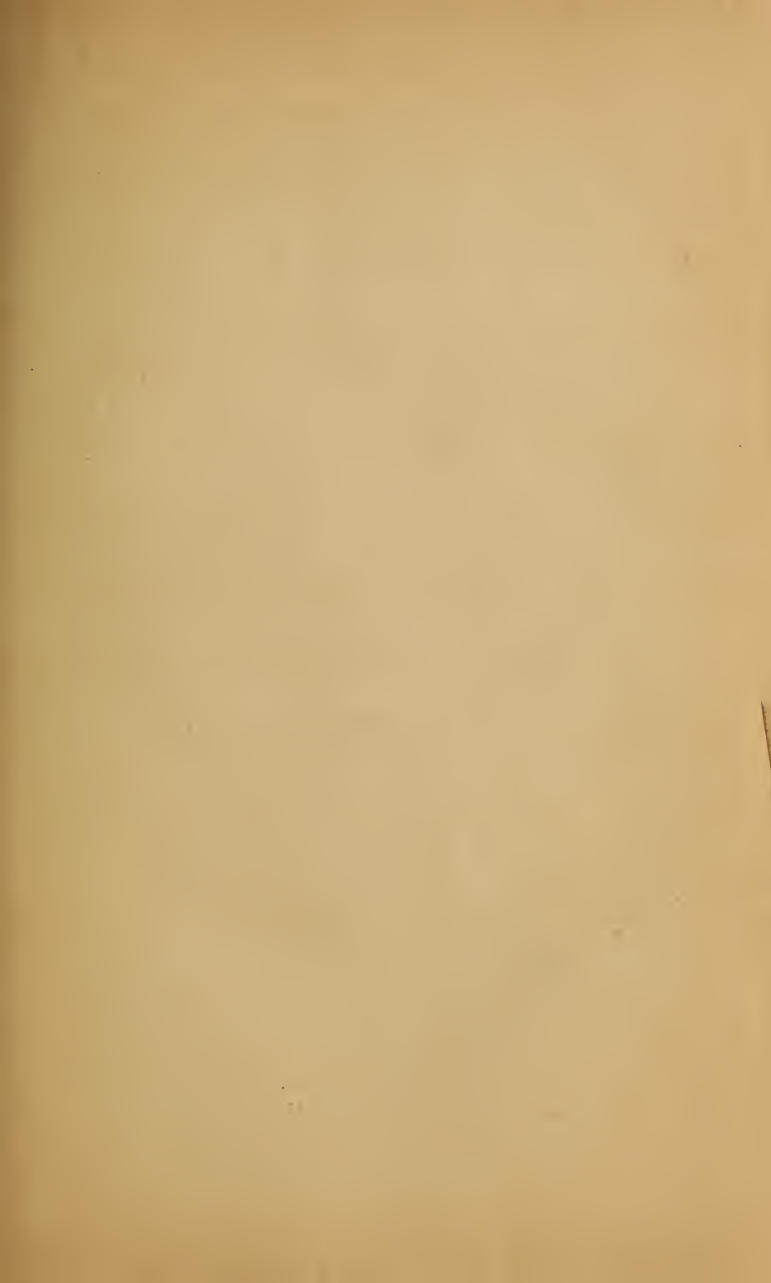
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eaves,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

GILBERT NASH.



BOSTON:

NICHOLS AND NOYES,

No. 117 WASHINGTON STREET.

1870.

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PREFACE.

FROM an inveterate dislike to apologies and excuses, the author has none to offer in presenting to the public the following pages. They are the work, or rather recreation, of leisure hours in the intervals of an active business life, and a high degree of merit is not claimed for them, nor is it expected that they will take rank with the work of poets and scholars ; while the fact that the author has sent them into the world of readers, is evidence that, in his opinion at least, they possess *some* merit. They are the result of his labor, and therefore he cannot fail to look upon them with partial eyes ; yet he is fully aware that they must rely upon their own merits, and succeed or fail as the public shall determine. It is a venture cast upon the wide sea, and the author invokes the pleasant breeze and the prosperous

issue ; but should the result prove otherwise, and the favor of a critical public be found wanting, he must abide the storm, as many a one has done before him.

BOSTON, *Sept.* 15, 1869.

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BAY LEAVES.



BAY LEAVES.

THE RISING.

IT is an April morning,
And gray mists fill the sky ;
The murky shadows rise and fall
As they chase each other by ;
The stars shine dim and distant,
As they shrink back into space,
Each like a bride in beauty,
With her veil upon her face.

And e'en the tall palmetto
In all its stately pride,
With bowéd head hangs drooping
Above the flowing tide ;
The cold, dull air floats listlessly
About the embattled walls,
With hardly life to echo back
The sound of the sentry calls.

'Tis morning, yet no sound alarms
The watchful sentinel,
Who paces Sumter's battlements
And guards that fortress well.
With anxious look and often,
His eye he landward turns,
And wonders why thus fiercely
The fire at Moultrie burns ;

Why Morris' island answers back
The signal rocket's glare,
Why all the rebel posts around
Unwonted aspects wear, —
Nor wonders long, yet startles,
As a bright flash meets his gaze,
And he hears the cannon's thunder,
As it rushes through the haze.

No more the awful stillness
That has brooded there so long,
No more those frowning fortress walls,
So lofty and so strong,
No more those deep-mouthed messengers
Of death, their tale untold,
Play out their idle pageant
And a useless service hold.

The bold and reckless traitors
 Speak out their venomed hate,
And breathing blood and slaughter
 Dare no uncertain fate.
All day within that fortress,
 And through the anxious night,
Threescore and ten brave spirits
 Maintained unequal fight ;
Maintained our flag in honor
 Against the rebel host ;
Each man against a hundred,
 Stood bravely at his post,
In face of toil and danger,
 In face of fire and flood,
Our flag and country's honor,
 Defending with his blood.

But all in vain the struggle
 Of that brave hero band ;
That banner, long in honor
 Borne on the sea and land,
Must trail in dust, a living death,
 Beneath their very feet,
Whose proudest act till now had been
 That noble flag to greet.
At set of sun, with arms reversed,
 Passed out those gallant men,

And slowly, sadly, turned their steps
Northward for home again.

As through the land the story ran,
A murmur loud and deep,
As when the winter tempest
O'er the waves of ocean sweep,
From North and West, and East and South,
From mountain and from plain,
Burst forth from thousand, thousand tongues,
In mingled rage and pain ;
And eyes unused to tears, looked down
And wept for very shame,
That such a foul disgrace should blot
Our nation's honored name.

Yet not in vain did Sumter fall
Upon that fatal day,
When the proud hosts of chivalry
Were victors in the fray ;
Nor loud their boast, for that small band
Of scarce threescore and ten,
Withstood, for one long day and night,
Each one a hundred men.

Not vain, for from the Capitol
The cry came out that morn,

Like the clarion notes of battle
Upon the breezes borne,
Like the sound of deepest thunder
In the mild summer time,
Or the earthquake's awful voice
Heard in the sunny clime ;
The word is clear and certain,
With lightning speed it comes
To every town and hamlet
Where freemen have their homes.
It pierces through the forest,
And up the mountain side,
Down the far distant valley,
Across the rolling tide,
To the farm-house and the workshop ;
The church the echo hears
Above the voice of praying,
And each heart beats quick with fears.

“Arouse! Arouse, ye freemen!
For the traitor lifts his hand,
And swears by all most holy
To blast our cherished land.
All through the fair and sunny south,
By river, lake, and sea,
He pours his deadly venom,
And gilds his treachery.

And now the boastful legions
Spread out their wide array ;
With stolen Stars, and rebel Bars
Their banner they display.
From Carolina's rice fields,
From Georgia's cotton glades,
And the far-off coasts of Florida
In live-oak forest shades,

"To where the Mississippi pours
His wild and turbid flood,
They seize our scattered outposts,
And their banner cry is 'blood.'
And now with rage unsated,
With fierce and longing eye,
'Fast on, fast on for Washington,'
Their swarming myriads fly.

"Arouse ye then, ye freemen !
The traitor hordes to foil ;
Arm, arm ye for the conflict,
Ye hardy sons of toil ;
And let the faithless wretches find
That ye in very deed,
Shrink not in hour of danger,
Shrink not in hour of need.

That hearts as brave for justice
As theirs have been for wrong,
With souls as full of courage,
And arms as true and strong
As those now raised in enmity
Against our nation's life,
With hearty will and cheerfully,
Haste to the bitter strife."

Far o'er the broad Potomac
The battle-cry rings out ;
Far o'er the distant mountains
Resounds the welcome shout ;
In every wooded valley,
On the banks of every stream
Throughout our wide dominion,
Our glistening bayonets gleam ;
From every loyal hearthstone,
Stout hearts and willing spring
To meet the perjured traitor,
And a stern defiance fling.

Scarce had the echo died along
Our rough storm-beaten coast,
Ere thousands on ten thousands rushed
To meet the rebel host.
Old Massachusetts, now, as when

In early days she rose,
To face the arméd legions
Of her hated foreign foes,
Sends her brave sons the foremost,
All eager for the fight ;

From Lexington and Concord,
And proud old Bunker's height,
From the sandy shores of Plymouth,
From Narragansett's Bay,
And the cold bleak hills of Berkshire,
Come out their bold array.
All honor to that gallant band,
Who, on that April day,
Forced through the streets of Baltimore
Their ever onward way ;
All honor to those gallant souls
Whose arms that mob withstood,
Who on that famous April day
Baptized our cause in blood.

And still the cry rings out, " They come ! "
In royal pomp and pride,
Manhattan sends her chosen sons,
In one bright living tide ;
And from the shores of fair Champlain,
To that continuous roar

Where thunders grand Niagara,
The ceaseless columns pour.
Adown the Alleghany slopes,
Along her iron hills,
Through all her fields of anthracite,
Among her gurgling rills,
The Pennsylvania soldiers
Send upward shout for shout,
And join the Union army,
In ever onward route.

And westward rolls the torrent
Through fair Ohio's vale ;
Down her majestic bosom
The mustering legions sail ;
Along the bright Scioto,
And Erie's peaceful shores,
To where the Big Miami
Her rushing torrent pours ;
Across the rolling prairies,
Beyond the Wabash waves,
To that fair western paradise
That Mississippi laves.
And gathering strength, as swiftly
The current moves along,
It sweeps the plains of Iowa,
With its sturdy arms so strong ;

And now it scales the Snowy Hills,
And, from Nevada's top,
Leaps down those fertile valleys
Where they reap the golden crop.
Now up the shores of Oregon,
And up Columbia's banks,
The loyal troops are mustering,
With overflowing ranks.

Now backward o'er the mountains,
And o'er Nebraska's plain ;
Across bright Minnesota,
With her fields of flowing grain ;
And now through fair Wisconsin,
And o'er the spreading lake
Where the brave hearts of Michigan
Their bold position take ;
Yet stops not here : the rolling flood
Pours from the Pine Tree State,
And thousand stalwart arms are raised
To stay our country's fate.

And e'en the Granite Hills, aroused,
Their brave defenders spare,
Who join the famed Green Mountain Boys
The glorious work to share.
Rhode Island, too, with bounteous hand

Sends forth her noble sons,
With those of fair Connecticut,
Faithful and chosen ones.
New Jersey shares her sisters' lot,
And forward to the fray
Her eager warriors hasten,
To join the firm array.

And from the loyal Border States,
And e'en from rebel lands,
Spring out by scores and hundreds
Warm hearts and sturdy hands ;
They grasp their ready weapons
With purpose stern and high,
And pledge their sacred honor
To conquer or to die.

And now before the Capitol
Our firm battalions spread ;
From Shenandoah to Monroe's walls,
We hear their martial tread ;
We hear them on the western ridge
That old Virginia rends ;
Kentucky's dark and bloody ground
An answering echo sends ;
We hear them when the evening wind
Sweeps from Missouri's hills,

And the soul runs o'er with wonder,
And pride each bosom thrills.

O, say, shall all these legions,
Shall all these mustered hosts,
From every rank and station,
Throughout our spreading coasts,
Wear out their lives in idleness,
And melt like winter's snow, —
No trace to mark their presence,
No victory o'er the foe?
Shall treason triumph over truth,
And rebel arms prevail,
And we, in hopeless misery,
Our ruined cause bewail?

Forbid it, O Thou Infinite !
Assist our gathered might,
And bid the loathsome monster
Shrink back in endless night ;
Bid right and justice triumph
Throughout our broad domain,
And Peace, with all her bright-eyed train,
Smile on our land again.

January, 1862.

CASTLE THUNDER.

“ALL quiet in the front to-night ;
No danger near.” At least so said
The officer on guard. His head
Our trusty sergeant shook. He knew
Too well the tactics of that crew

Just now close hidden from our sight.
His foot had made the midnight rounds ;
His ear drew in unwelcome sounds ;
And sights, that inexperienced eye
Had seen and quietly passed by,
To him, spoke plainly of the foe,
Of danger, and immediate, too.

“All quiet in the front,” so said
The guard, then to his quarters sped.
We listened to the parting sound
Of measured tread upon the ground.
The echo ceased, when, “Who goes there?”
Breaks sharply on the chilly air ;
The men upon the outpost grasp
Their rifles with a firmer clasp,

And wait the answer. "Who goes there?"
Again the challenge cuts the air.
But all is silent as the grave;
No answer to the summons, save
The distant echo. "Who goes there?"
Once more rings through the midnight air.
No answer yet? An instant more
The rifle's ready answer bore.
The next, and all the woods around
Were vocal with the well-known sound.

Our sentinel (the ruse he knew)
Had drawn the fire of that bold crew,
And now fell back upon the post
Unharméd, but ere the deed could boast,
We heard the quick command, "Fall back
Upon the guard: be lively, men."
The words were scarcely uttered, when
On either flank, the rebel pack
Closed in, and we were seized, disarmed,
Forced on, before the guard, alarmed,
Could follow in pursuit. And thus
The same old story passed on us, —
"Our pickets were attacked last night;
An outpost captured in the fight,
The long roll beat, — camp under arms
Till daylight, waiting fresh alarms."

We knew it well, for we had read
A hundred times the same report,

Yet always, as it must be said,
Read it only to make us sport.
But now it was another tale,
The story now was old and stale ;
No sport we found it to our cost,
When we the rebel lines had crossed,
And "On to Richmond," was the word ;
For it was by another road
That we had hoped to reach the place ;
Alas ! that we were now to grace

The rebel capital. The guard
Turned out to honor our approach ;
The marshal in a sorry coach
Came up to witness our array ;
In truth it was a gala day ;

And yet it was exceeding hard
To meet the gaze of that rude crowd.
And so our heads with shame we bowed,
We dared not lift them up like men.
'Twas new to us ; we were not then
So hardened in the rough campaign
That we could bear and not complain,
And stand unmoved, the jests that flew
So thickly from that boisterous crew.

And thus it was to 'scape them all
We welcomed Castle Thunder's wall.

And when the massive gate swung to,
And those huge walls, so grim and drear,
Spoke nought of hope, but much of fear,
Our little band of half a score
Bravely the lot of captives bore.

So little then we cared or knew
Of what those prison walls foretold ;—
It makes my very blood run cold,
As I retrace the hours and days,
Aye, weeks and months, those long delays,
When hope died out from every heart,
When living men saw friends depart,

Borne out to their last resting-place,
To burial, such as brutes might claim,
And cursed the fate that gave to them
A longer term of life and grace.

But we were merry then, nor knew
The horrors we should there pass through.

I need not tell you that the days
Passed heavily upon our hands.
The captive ne'er wears willing bands,
Nor light, where he unwilling stays.

Days passed and weeks in weary round ;
We saw no sky, we trod no ground,

Unless the cold stones where we lay
Our weary limbs at close of day
Were mother earth. We breathed no air,
Save the foul stench engendered there ;
Our food — I dare not call that food
From which there is no beast so rude
But would disgusted turn away ;
And such our fare from day to day,
And that so scanty, that like beasts
We strove for those foul, loathsome feasts.

And shall I tell you, ye who share
The couch of down, the free pure air,
Who never knew the want of food,
Nor chafed beneath the prisoner's mood,
Whose feet, in every pathway free,
Prize light the boon of liberty,
That our proud wills chafed at the yoke,
That foul disease our spirits broke,
And taught us every day and hour,
To feel its soul-destroying power ?
How, one by one, our strongest fell
The victims of that fatal spell ?
Need I relate how drunken guard,
With heart as nether millstone hard,
Refused, with horrid oath or jest,
To grant to us our least request ?

And is it meet for me to tell
How one loved comrade prostrate fell
 Lifeless upon the stony floor,
Shot by the rebel sentinel?
Because, forsooth, he chanced one day
To feel the cooling breezes play
 Upon his brow, and sought once more,
Heartsick at the eternal gray
That mantled floor, and roof, and wall
With the dull shadow of a pall,
To look upon the fair blue sky,
And drink with his delighted eye
One little sip of liberty ;
And so he clambered to the grate,
Through which, into our prison^a state,
The air of heaven might penetrate ;
Small was the boon, yet sky and air
Were fruits we could not gather there,
Too precious to be given a foe.
The vile wretch, from his post below,
Looked up, and saw the prisoner face
Beaming with joy in such a place,
And then — we saw the rifle flash —
We heard the ball with heavy crash
Pierce through his brain. Dead, dead he fell.
The guard had done his work too well.

And must I tell? Day after day
Our murdered comrade's body lay,
Unburied in our midst. Were they
Ashamed to take the corpse away?
At last it went like a dead brute,
Perhaps to burial. It was mute,
And could not tell us how, or where,
Whether within the open air,
Or in some solitary shade,
A nameless grave for him they made.

O man! is this thy boasted race?
Do such foul deeds thy records trace,
That pale the very sky with shame,
And fan the still air into flame?
Too true, thy boasted chivalry,
That lifts its favored name so high,
And claims at once that honored seat,
Where freedom and religion meet,
Has done such deeds, and it alone
As demons would not dare to own;
Such deeds as start the dullest ear,
And make the blood run cold to hear.

I do not care to see again
The fearful scenes I witnessed then;
Enough, that I have lived to see

Once more the flag of liberty ;
Enough, that I can hear the shout,
And see the friends, who stand about
To welcome with a friendly hand
The remnant of that prison band,
From fire and flood, from want and woe,
Where hunger, death's dread gates led through,
From brutal force, that *men* would scorn
To visit on the foulest spawn
Of reptiles that infest the earth,
Or ever vilest dens sent forth.
For I have seen the strong man cry
In agony of soul to die ;
And I have seen the young and brave
In wild delirium rage and rave ;
Have seen the manly and the true
Borne silently and cold from view ;
And all these cruelties, from those
Who only call themselves our foes.

And I have cursed them to their face,
And braved their wrath, the dastard race,
Nor cared what doom I might receive,
And yet the wonder is, I live ;
No thanks to the foul traitors' care,
No thanks to prison walls and fare,
No thanks to that death-breeding air,
Nor to disease engendered there ;

But thanks to Him who gave me strength
To bear, and live, who now at length
Has brought me from that fatal den,
And placed me with my fellow-men.

Thanks be to Him, that I once more
Can fight my country's battles o'er,
Until the last expiring trace
Of treason shall have given place
To the proud march of liberty ;
When our exultant land shall see
Once more our Union safe and strong,
May I too join the welcome song.

February, 1864.

RETURN OF THE REGIMENT.

A THOUSAND strong our regiment
Of sturdy hearts and stout,
In all the pomp of glorious war
From yonder gate marched out.—
A thousand strong, while cheer on cheer
A parting blessing gave,
And then we marched with silent tongue,
Our glorious land to save.
Our banner to the breezes flung
Was stainless and untorn,
Our pledge was “Death or victory,”
Wherever it was borne.
And that warm sunny day of June,
’Tis three years since it came,
Long years of hardship and of toil,
But never one of shame.
That sunny day, we mark it well,
We’ve seen it thrice return ;
The flame then kindled in our hearts
Has never ceased to burn.
We marched with firm and even tread,
With full and serried ranks ;

Our arms a nation's honor bore,
Our hearts a nation's thanks.

They bade us with the farewell grasp,
"God speed you and the right,
God grant you many a victory,
And guard you in the fight."
Those friends with cheering word and smile,
The sting of parting drew,
Yet there was sadness at the heart
Full well in truth we knew.

A thousand strong, our muster-roll
That morn told every name,
While from a thousand ready tongues
Responsive answers came.
Three years, and now through yonder gate
A remnant comes again ;
A remnant, it is small indeed,
Of bronzed and war-stained men.

We bring you here yon silken flag,
You gave it bright and fair ;
We pledged you in that day of June,
In that warm summer air,
That it should never see disgrace,
Should never shun the foe,

But ever to the rebel host
Defiance sternly throw.

Three years of bloodshed and of toil,
We bring it back to you,
Dishonored never in the field,
Yet torn and bloodstained, too. —
Is it redeemed, think you, in truth,
The pledge we gave you then ;
Paid we the full and honest tale,
As true and faithful men ?
Ask him who bore it from your sight,
If ever traitor's hand
Has laid on it his impious touch,
Or marked it with his brand ;
Ask him if ever rebel eye
Has sought its Stars in vain,
Or seen in the fierce battle's front
Its Stripes turn back again ?
Alas ! he is not here to tell ;
He'll carry it no more ;
We buried him long months ago
Beside the Shenandoah.
Another, and another, too,
All gallant men and strong,
Amid the battle's storm of death,
Bore its fair Stars along.

And they are gone, slain one by one, —
They sleep where brave men sleep, —
Their life-blood gave that crimson stain ;
Did they their promise keep ?

A thousand strong, and now we come,
Scarce one for every ten, —
And do you ask of us this day
Where are those missing men ?
Where are those stalwart forms, whose step
Was firm as yours that day,
Three years ago, yon gateway saw
So proudly march away ?
Thick buried in the "sacred soil,"
Where the Potomac's tide
Flows through those well remembered fields,
They linger side by side.

Some fell beneath that storm of death
On that first battle-field,
And with the earnest of their blood
Their promise they have sealed ;
That ever memorable day,
That ever glorious strife,
In hearing of the Capitol,
Drank many a precious life.

'Tis said that freemen fled that day,
 Beneath that July sun ;
And even now three years gone by
 They taunt us with "Bull Run."
Our heroes fell without a stain,
 Firmly they braved the flood,
The traitors never saw them fly,
 They fell in their own blood.

Yon flag, we raised it in the fight,
 And through the fierce, wild day,
It waved defiance to the foe
 And cheered us in the fray.
We count the names of those who fell
 Among our noble ones,
And in a nation's memory
 Abide those gallant sons.

What need to call a hero's name,
 Or rear a sculptured stone,
To mark who fell upon that day?
 Full well each name is known.
To many a father's saddened heart,
 To many a mother's love,
Those absent ones, in hallowed tones,
 Speak sweetly from above.

Our flag attests the well fought field,
And many a rent it bears
Of rebel shot, and rebel steel,
But no reproach it wears.
We bore it up the banks of York,
And through that long hard fight,
With Richmond almost in our grasp,
Her spires almost in sight.

We bore it bravely in the front
Through those long seven days,
Nor turned our faces from the foe, —
We won our leader's praise ;
And when from off the Malvern Hill,
Like sea-foam from the rock,
We shook the traitor's broken line
In that terrific shock,
Their shattered ranks showed fearful rents, —
Our lines were broken, too,
And our long muster-roll that night
Was answered but by few.
These broken ranks bear witness now,
They tell of death and woe,
And do you ask for them again?
Those battle-fields will show.

We missed the prize, no fault of ours,
Our record bears no stain ;

We need no other witness than
Our long, sad list of slain.
Some fell in that inglorious strife
Before the Capital,
That fierce and sanguinary field,
The saddest of them all,
When noble blood, in useless strife,
Poured out like summer rain,
And thousands, bravest of the brave,
Laid down their lives in vain ;
No, not in vain, that blood was seed
Sown in a fruitful soil,
And soon an ample harvest gave,
Gathered in blood and toil.
And yet they did not dare to breathe
Dishonor to us there ;
The fortunes of that fatal day
Were placed beyond our care.
It is not always night, and soon
The day broke brightly out,
When from the fields of Antietam,
We saw the rebel rout.

That glorious day, that well fought field,
We met him in his pride,
With all his chosen multitudes
Upon that mountain-side ;

Long hours the weary fight maintained,
Uncertain of the day ;
Long hours, of fierce and desperate strife,
Close locked the armies lay ;
And still our tired soldiers held
The rebels well at bay ;
And sternly fought until we saw
Their wavering lines give way.
It was a splendid victory
That our brave lads had won, —
The routed host fell slowly back
Toward the setting sun,
While cheer on cheer from right to left
Sent up our wearied men ;
That night we rested on our arms,
At dawn to fight again.
At dawn? Ah! yes, we looked in vain, —
No rebel flag in sight, —
No rebel gun replied to ours, —
They stole away that night.

And thus our ranks grew less again,
Our flag was stained and torn ;
We buried many a comrade there, —
Those missing ones we mourn.
And do you ask us where they are?
A glorious record theirs ;

The name of that stern battle-field
Our well worn banner bears.
We bring it back again to you,
Not tarnished, yet blood-stained ;
It brings the memory of the slain,
The victory that they gained.

Upon that dark and bloody day,
When bleak disaster spread
Its mantle o'er our scattered band,
And filled our hearts with dread,
The call of many a well known name
Gave not an answer back,
For on the Rappahannock's banks
The trees were hung in black.
A thousand strong, alas ! no more
We boast our well filled ranks ;
They left us one by one to sleep
Beneath those grassy banks ;
They melted as November snows
Melt in November's rain,
Before those tempest blasts of death
On hill-side and on plain.
They scattered like the fleeting spray
Upon the storm-tossed deep ;
They lie beneath the forest shade ;
In valleys green they sleep.

We pledged you when you sent us hence
To bring you no disgrace ;
These surely made their promise good,
Theirs was a faithful race.

And still the record hurries on,
It is not finished yet,
For once again at Gettysburg
The rebel hordes we met.
Exultant, boastful as of yore,
They boldly pledged the spoil
Of our fair cities to their host, —
The end of all their toil.
We fought them as they only can
Who fight for home and right ;
Two days in even balance hung
The issue of the fight.
The third, our sturdy valor gave
Us victory again,
And backward drove the rebel clan,
Like scourged beast to his den.

Three days the deadly struggle held,
Three days blood flowed in streams ;
The third, our nation's birthday dawned
In victory's glowing beams.

Here, too, we laid them in the dust,
Brave comrades tried and true,
Who in the arms of victory
Breathed out their last adieu.
They sleep their last long slumber now,
We mourn them, faithful, brave ;
A nation gives them burial,
A proud and honored grave.

You ask us where they are to-day?
We answer with a tear, —
Among the dead of Gettysburg:
We bring their memory here.
They sleep amid those sunny slopes,
Surrounded by their foes ;
They fell in Honor's cause, and she
Her mantle o'er them throws.
A nation speaks their epitaph,
A nation builds their tomb,
And with fresh roses year by year
Gives it immortal bloom,
While it writes in flaming contrast there
The traitors' fearful doom.

These fell in battle : others lie
Buried without a wound ;
Disease laid its relentless hand
On them on battle-ground ;

Long months of hardship and of toil,
Unsheltered, poorly clad,
The foe by day, the frost by night, —
Poor comfort this they had ;
The scorching sun beat down by day,
The cold, bleak air by night,
And thus they sickened ; hour by hour
Those stalwart forms grew light,
The step less firm, the buoyant tread
Grew strangely dull and slow, —
Once foremost in the ranks they marched ;
How do they falter now ?
At times fall out upon the road,
And wait the ambulance, —
Ill fit for duty at parade,
How, should the foe advance ?

We find them in the hospital,
The rifle laid aside ;
No more the trusty weapon grasp,
So oft in battle tried ;
The eye still lights with martial fire,
The ear drinks in the sound,
While list'ning to the blast that tells
The foe is still around.
They linger, but their waning breath
Grows weaker day and night,

And soon, too soon. we know that we
Must bury them from sight.

The well loved comrades stand around
The dying hero's bed,
And listen, with full hearts, the while
That parting word is said :
“ My mother,” — and they bend the ear
To catch the feeble tone ;
A smile lights up his sunken eye
At that dear name alone, —
“ My mother, tell her that I die
With her name on my tongue ;
Tell her to mourn me, not too much,
Although I die so young ;
God and my country comfort her, —
Freely she gave her all ;
Tell her to weep a few sad tears, —
The best and bravest fall ;
And I, although so dear to her,
Her joy, her hope, her pride,
Am but a feeble one at best,
A straw on glory's tide.

“ I know the anguish of her heart,
I know her bitter grief ;
It is my sharpest pang, that I
Can give her no relief.

My father — tell him there's no stain
Upon the name I bear ;
My sister, and my brother, too,
Take them my parting prayer."

He gasps for breath, his little strength
Is passing fast away :
" God, country, mother," — all is o'er,
And he is lifeless clay.
Under the willow's drooping boughs
We laid him down to rest, —
The names of such we prize among
Our truest and our best.
And thus in battle and in camp
We count our sacred dead ;
We bring you but a remnant back,
We number none who fled.

Some names yet linger : they are those
Long tried and trusted men,
Drawn from our ranks for higher posts ;
We claim them now, as then.
We count them by the score, and they
Point back again with pride
To those brave days in field and camp
When they marched by our side.
We bring you here these well worn few, —

Bring memory of the dead, —
We bring you no reproach, nor shame, —
Our record all have read ;
We bring yon torn, stained battle-flag,
To us it is most dear ;
There rests upon it no disgrace,
Our pledge we cancel here.

May 4, 1864.

OUR UNION.

OUR Union, our glorious Union !

May our country all join in communion,
From the Green Mountain tops to those valleys so fair

Where the orange-tree blooms in the fragrant
air ;

From the rock-bound coast where Atlantic
raves,

To that far off shore that Pacific laves :

'Tis a beautiful country, our land ;

For its lakes and its rivers, its mountains and
vales,

With its wide-spreading prairies and flowery
dales,

Are bound by the holiest band.

What heart of a traitor would ever

The bands of our Union dissever ?

Let him go if he dare, and the patriot braves
Invoke to his aid from their time-honored
graves ;

Let him visit the fields where his forefathers
stood,
And poured on the altar of freedom their
blood

To cement the proud Union of States :
Let him give back the blood once at Lexing-
ington shed,
And call out from the plains of fair Eutaw
their dead,
Ere the purpose of shame he relates.

All hail to our glorious Union !
A nation in happy communion :
May the breezes of heaven our broad banner
wave,
Till the despot of tyranny finds but a grave ;
Till the last germ of liberty, deep in our soil,
Has taken firm root, and the world is its
spoil ;

God bless us with bountiful hand :
To the exile a friend, to oppression a foe,
As the day-star of freedom, O ! long may it
glow, —

Our bright and our beautiful land.

WASHINGTON'S GRAVE.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful,
The spot where he sleeps ;
Softly, though mournfully,
The wild willow weeps.
Lovely the flowers are
In summer that bloom,
Losing their fragrance o'er
His sad, silent tomb ;
Mildly the winter wind
Blows o'er the lea,
Hushing its fierceness by
That wild willow-tree.

Beautiful, beautiful,
In eve's mellow light ;
Sweetly the breezes play
Amid scenes so bright ;
Birds join their melody
O'er that hallowed ground,
Singing in harmony
Their bright songs around ;

Freedom shall cherish it,
And liberty rear
Proudly an altar there,
That grave is so dear.

BEFORE ANTIETAM.

A RM, arm for the conflict, my heroes !
The foe is already before us ;
His close marching columns are swarming the
hills,
Like the shadow of thunder-clouds over the
rills ;
His open-mouthed cannon are speaking, —
Their messengers o'er us are shrieking ;
Like the hail-storm of harvest upon the ripe
grain,
They come with destruction and death in their
train ;
They spare not the temple, they spare not the
cot,
They rob the defenseless, whatever their lot ;
Like the locust they cover the plains,
And sweep off whatever remains.

On, on to the battle, my heroes !
We count not the number of foemen ;

We fling back the challenge and welcome the
fight ;

We will meet them undaunted, we battle for
right :

• We fight for our Union forever, —

Our country they shall not dissever ;

Let them come in the might of their death-
dealing host,

All red with the slaughter, our blood is their
boast ;

They ravage our borders, they threaten our
State, —

Let them come if they dare, they but hasten
their fate ;

We will teach them we will not be slaves ;

We welcome them only to graves.

Strike home for the land of our fathers !

Strike home for our glorious Union !

We count not the cost with our country at
stake,

For it bounds on the ocean, the gulf, and the
lake :

Our flag covers all we inherit, —

We mean that our children shall share it ;

For the Red, White, and Blue we will welcome
the fight ;

That flag is our symbol of honor and right :
Each star for a State, and a State for each star,
We have borne it in peace, we will bear it in
war :

Let us strike for our country and flag,
And shame to those cowards who lag.

“OLD GLORY.”

“OLD Glory” we throw to the breeze,
Our banner we lift for the right,
And swear it shall never go down
While God gives us strength for the fight.
Our fathers baptized it in blood
When in battle’s dread peril it rose,
They bequeathed it untarnished to us, —
Their sons shall protect it from foes.

CHORUS: “Old Glory,” “Old Glory,” forever !
The flag of our fathers we bear,
Its dangers, its honors we share ;
The Stars speak the fame of its heroes,
Its Stripes bid the traitors beware.

The God of our country defend,
When traitors dishonor her name ;
And help us to rise in our might
To save our brave banner from shame.
All nations acknowledge its power,
And it spreads its broad folds o’er the sea ;

While *they* welcome, the true of *all* lands,
Our flag as the flag of the free.

CHORUS. — "Old Glory," etc.

"Old Glory!" the pride of our arms;
"Old Glory!" the boast of our land;
Our pride and our boast ne'er shall want
The strength of a patriot's hand.
Our hearts, they shall cherish the boon,
And our arms, they shall guard it with care,
While to Him, who is God over all,
We lift up our spirits in prayer.

CHORUS. — "Old Glory," etc.

Our flag is the symbol of power,
The emblem of Union and Truth;
It waves o'er the land of the free,
As fair as the visions of youth;
It never shall sink in disgrace
While a true heart remains in our land;
We will leave to our children that flag,
As pure as it came to our hands.

CHORUS. — "Old Glory," etc.

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

SADLY they laid him where the weary sleep,
Beneath the green clods of the silent
valley,
Where damp and cold the dews of evening
weep,
And flowers bright with sunshine ever dally.

Slowly and solemnly the notes peal out,
As o'er the grave his fun'ral dirge is playing,
While dull at heart his comrades stray about,
Constrained to go, and yet awhile delaying.

Still lies that heart so lately warm with life,
And still remains that arm in death's cold
slumber, —

No more to mingle in the mortal strife,
No more to gather with the warlike num-
ber.

“Weep o'er thy loved one, weep the bitter
tear,”

Thus love and memory are ever sighing,

“ O’er the last resting-place of him so dear ;”
For love will linger where its dead are lying.

Yet all in vain love’s tender memories flow,
Nor sighs nor tears will bring him back for-
ever,
But with the blessed *thou* may’st some time
go,
And God shall join those hearts no more to
sever.

THE FALLEN SOLDIER.

REST for the worn and weary one,
He sleeps his last long sleep, —
His trials o'er, his journey done,
For him we should not weep.

His body lies beneath the sod
Where battling armies fought ;
His spirit dwells in peace with God,
That God he long had sought.

We mourn not for his early death, —
His Saviour early died ;
We twine for him a victor's wreath,
He wears a crown beside.

We grieve not o'er his honored grave,
We stay the falling tear ;
His life a sacrifice he gave,
And we will hold it dear.

We mourn not as those mourn, to whom
No future hope remains ;
His spirit o'er the dreaded tomb
The victory obtains.

GONE TO HIS REST.

GONE to his rest!

In the shade of the valley the cypress is weeping, —

That vale where the dust of our comrade is laid ;

On the brink of that grave the death-angel is keeping

His vigil so faithful within the dark shade.

Gone to his rest!

In the still hour of twilight, the echoes repeating,

The sharp air of winter floats over his grave,
And the hills in the distance send backward the greeting, —

So tender and sad, o'er the dust of the brave.

Gone to his rest!

In the home of the weary his memory lingers ;

In vain do we sorrow, he sleeps safe from
harm ;
For he feels not the touch of death's cold, icy
fingers ;
His failings we bury, his virtues embalm.

Gone to his rest !
While in sorrow we mourn, while in grief we
deplore him,
We raise to his honor an anthem of praise ;
We rejoice in his triumph while yet we weep
o'er him,
So bravely he fell in the midst of his days.

Gone to his rest !
In the temple of glory a niche is remaining
Which ne'er shall be filled by a worthier
name,
For his record is bright, and no blemish is
staining
His soul as it rises through death up to fame.

Gone to his rest !
All the fair hopes of youth in his bosom once
glowing,
Have gone on before him to regions on
high ;

He shall find them again where the waters
are flowing,
Fast by the bright throne of his God in the
sky.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

WAITING, ever waiting :
Will the long hours never cease,
When the sad heart sinking,
With its weary thinking,
Seeks in vain for rest and peace ?

Watching, ever watching
For his footfall at the door ;
Fond eyes ever straining,
Tearful, uncomplaining, —
Will she never see him more ?

Hoping, ever hoping,
Though his welcome lingers long ;
Heart with waiting, dreary, —
Eye with watching, weary, —
Still though faint, so brave and strong.

Trusting, ever trusting,
Ne'er regrets the sacrifice ;
Daily, hourly praying,
Though he, still delaying,
Perchance in battle-slumber lies.

Patient, ever patient,
Now in pleasure, now in pain ;
Waiting on in sadness,
Hoping on in gladness,
Till he shall return again.

IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN.

MOURN we our departed ones,
 Slain by traitors' blood-stained hands ;
Mourn we now our gallant sons,
 Still, and cold beneath the sands.
Some in far-off burial laid, —
Some sleep in their native shade.

Far away on distant shore,
 Wasted silently and slow,
Or amid the battle's roar,
 Yielded to the fatal blow ;
Some afar from friendly eye, —
Some come home again to die.

Raise we here the marble stone ;
 Deep the treasured names we trace ;
Still the stricken heart alone
 Gives them sure abiding place ;
Fallen in a glorious cause,
For our liberty and laws.

Grateful hearts this tribute bring,
Poor at best the price we pay ;
They for us an offering
Gave their precious lives away ;
Gave them in our sorest need ;
God reward them for the deed.

SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK.

I.

WE heard the volley's thunder,
And our eyes were big with wonder,
As our ranks were rent asunder,
By the crashing of the shell ;
Like a wild tornado sweeping,
Came the furious riders leaping,
And a bloody harvest reaping,
With their fierce, exultant yell.

II.

Before the day was breaking,
While our slumber we were taking,
There came up this rude awaking
Of the rebel shot and steel ;
Then, with look of care and trouble,
We formed quick in column double,
Yet they drove us back like stubble
At their bugle's lively peal.

III.

Long hours by cannon riven,
Till the sun was high in heaven,
Were our brave battalions driven
From the stern and stubborn field;
We were weary, worn, and battered,
Like a storm-wrecked vessel shattered,
While our army, forced and scattered,
Their reluctant weapons wield.

IV.

Now comes the lull of battle,
When the lowing of the cattle
Bears o'er the muskets' rattle,
While the foe rests on his arms;
For a moment only, breathing, —
Not a single weapon sheathing,
Their new garlands they are wreathing,
While we dread the new alarms.

V.

The foe is still behind us,
And the scattered shots remind us
That the shafts of death may find us,
Though the bow be not in sight;
Still our steps are backward pressing,
Our defeat we are confessing,

While in muttered tones — not blessing —
We deplore the shameful flight.

VI.

Whence comes that distant cheering
From the rear, our presence nearing,
Whose the foam-clad steed appearing
In such furious array?
Onward like the wind he rushes ;
The retreating soldier blushes,
While his face with anger flushes,
As he darts along the way.

VII.

His gleaming weapon flashes,
While he onward fiercely dashes
Where the fearful shrapnel crashes,
In the battle's dreadful front ;
With his eye the smoke-cloud cleaving,
Where the surge of death is heaving,
From the rout a triumph weaving,
'Mid the struggle's deadly brunt.

VIII.

No more with sullen faces
We retreat with hurried paces,
But right onward take our places,
At his quick and stern command ;

Now in eager haste he praises,
Now with curses deep he blazes,
While he clears the tangled mazes
Of our ranks with skillful hand.

IX.

With columns close and steady,
And our rifles at the ready,
Like a thunderbolt as speedy,
Now he hurls us on the foe ;
Like the ocean tide returning,
Like the boundless prairie burning,
Our resistless stream is turning
Back the rebels' fearful blow.

X.

They reel, they break, they scatter :
In that wild defeat, what matter
If the foul fiend take the latter,
As they hurry fast and far ?
Now we shout the famous story
Of our great commander's glory,
How he won this field so gory,
And a *second* well-earned star.

THE FORAY.

TRAMP, tramp, the dews are damp,
The watch-fires blaze along the camp,
The bugle blast peals out at last,
The foragers are gathering fast ;
With merry song and joyous shout
The listening air rings sharply out,
And eager troopers stand about
Ready to spring upon the route ;
Mount and away, the sky is gray ;
The moon is sinking fast away.

Tramp, tramp, the stout steeds champ
With tossing mane and hasty stamp,
With hurried leap o'er plain and steep,
Across the ford, — the flood is deep ;
Hurry away, we may not stay,
Our rendezvous is miles away, —
Gather the spoil without delay,
We must to camp ere break of day ;
The foe must feel our trenchant steel,
And hear our startling bugle peal.

Tramp, tramp, the dews are damp,
Our weary riders seek the camp :
The cold gray light looms on the sight,
And presses back the mists of night ;
Our work is done, the field is won,
Our homeward journey has begun.
With sheathéd sword and empty gun
The foe awaits the rising sun ;
While song and shout, along our route,
'The victors' cheerful notes ring out.

GLORY TO OUR FLAG.

GLORY to our flag, boys,
Dear to every heart ;
Wave it to the sky, boys,
Never from it part.
Stars speak of honor there,
Stripes of Union tell ;
Brave old flag, raise it o'er
The land where we dwell.

CHORUS: — Honor to our flag, boys,
Freedom gave it birth,
Freemen share its glory
Through the wide, wide earth.

Rally to its aid, boys,
Keep its honor pure ;
'Tis our sacred birthright,
We will make it sure.
Raise high its starry folds,
Shout its story wide, —
Dear old flag, God's own gift,
To glory our guide.

CHORUS. — Honor to our flag, etc.

Glory to our flag, boys,
Honor is its right ;
Heroes left its fame fair,
Let us keep it bright.
Strong hands shall guard it safe ;
Victory reward ;
Dear old flag, pure and bright,
The gift of our God.

CHORUS. — Honor to our flag, etc.

DAWN OF PEACE.

THE morning's golden light
Dawns on our longing sight ;
Night flies apace :
Back rolls the thunder peal,
Fades the fierce clash of steel,
And opening rays reveal
The day of grace.

No more death's ghastly form,
Drinking the life-blood warm,
Revolts the heart ;
No more the brother's arm
In battle's dread alarm,
'Gainst brother raised in harm,
Acts murder's part.

No more sharp tongues of flame
The traitors' hands proclaim ;
Quenched is the brand :
No booming cannon shot,
Never to be forgot,
Reeking with blood, and hot,
Wastes our broad land.

Peace spreads her silver wing ;
Pierced hearts her praises sing,
And bless her reign.

Joy beams on every hand,
In the glad light we stand,
By the pure breezes fanned,
And smile again.

Long may this welcome day
O'er our dear land its sway
In love extend ;
Banish each thought of wrong,
Raise the triumphant song,
In union true and strong,
Firm, without end.

SACRED MEMORIES.

MEMORIES OF PALESTINE.

I.

O PALESTINA! land of prayer and song,
The chosen home of Israel's favored
race,

Land of the highest weal and deepest wrong,
Of splendid triumph and of sore disgrace;
How shall my pen the sacred memories trace
That cling around each consecrated spot,
That bless the patriarch's lowly dwelling-
place,

The holy temple, and the shepherd's cot,
That rise upon the soul and will not be forgot

II.

How oft the mention of some cherished name,
To mountain given, or on vale bestowed,
By history honored, or disowned by fame, —
Perchance some city where a king abode,
Or rippling brook beside a mountain road,

A field illustrious by a battle fought, —
Fills up the heart with overwhelming load !
And tender recollections rise, unsought
Of noble actions by some earnest hero wrought.

III.

The mind runs back, by faith's sure vision led,
Through the dim shadows of the ancient
time,
And summons now the spirits of the dead
To people once again their own loved clime ;
To act once more the deeds of manhood's
prime,
And speak such words as the rapt prophets
spoke,
Those glorious messages, so grand, sublime,
As Moses uttered 'mid the fire and smoke
Of Sinai, when the tables of the law he broke :

IV.

To glean once more the fields of Bethlehem
With the fair daughter of the Moabite ;
And crown with Israel's new-found diadem
The son of Kish ; or glory in the might
Of David's stripling arm, when, in the sight
Of Israel and Philistia's hosts, he slew
The giant ; and on that disastrous night,

To follow him, when rebel arms pursue,
And his own Absalom leads on the treacherous crew :

V.

To stand upon Moriah's dizzy height,
Where the new temple's massive walls arise,
And with the ardent multitudes unite
To worship Him the Ruler of the skies ;
To gaze with sad and sorrow-burdened eyes
When Israel's thousands bow to gods of clay,
And gladly listen to their prophets' lies ;
Or, now, with Judah's captive tribe to stray
On the Euphrates' bank, to mourn the years
away :

VI.

To wander through the fields of Galilee,
With Him who "spake as never man before,"
Who walked in safety on the boisterous sea,
And by a word silenced the tempest's roar ;
Who taught the erring one to sin no more,
And gave his precious life a sacrifice,
When on the cross the sins of earth He
bore, —
Paid for the bankrupt soul the ample price
Of joy immortal, and a home in paradise.

VII.

How shall my pen those later scenes unfold,
When Roman armies overran the plain,
And swept with flaming sword and woes untold,
From Jordan's turbid torrent to the main,
The fertile fields, the stores of ripened grain ;
With heart of adamant and hand of steel,
Broke down the ponderous gates and walls again
Of proud Jerusalem, and placed the seal
Of vengeance there, which time shall never-
more conceal ?

VIII.

O Palestina ! land of prayer and song ;
The pride of Israel and its deep disgrace ;
The battle-field of nations, where the throng
Of haughty kings played out ambition's
race ;
In whose fair bosom find a resting-place
The slaughtered myriads history does not
name ;
Land where of old, with its peculiar grace,
Jehovah's worship rose, and where its flame
Burned bright with holy zeal, or paled with
lasting shame :

IX.

Land of the towering palm and spreading oak,
The fruitful olive and the teeming vine ;
Where earnest wills the generous soil provoke ;
Where milk and honey in rich streams combine,
In gracious token of a hand divine ;
Where cattle graze upon the thousand hills,
And glowing beauties in fair valleys shine ;
The bosom warms, the heart with wonder
thrills,
And longing for the coming time, the full soul
fills :

X.

Land of the past, to memory ever dear,
Has thy last glory no returning day?
Is there no sign of future hope, to cheer,
No promised dawn with its inspiring ray?
Speak not thy prophets of this long delay?
And when the fullness of the time shall come,
Shall not Jehovah his great power display,
And bid the wanderer no more to roam,
But build again the cities of that long lost
home ?

XI.

O Palestina ! sweet and sacred name,
In dear remembrance turn our hearts to
thee,
The fountain whence our holy worship came,
Whence spring our hopes of immortality ;
With purer aspirations may it be
That we recall those vanished scenes once
more ;
May better counsels set our spirits free
From narrow prejudice, as on thy shore
We love to linger, and repeat thy story o'er.

JERUSALEM.

NO lofty towers, no mighty battlements,
O'er which the clinging parasite delights
To climb in sport among the shapely stones,
Are found to mark thy once proud bulwarks,
sad,

Disconsolate, Jerusalem. High fame
And daring heroism failed to preserve
The prestige of thy greatness. Ruins mark
No more the spot made sacred by the feet
Of messengers divine. No monuments
Adorn the goodly heights, where prophet's
voice

Proclaimed aloud the mighty power of God.
The spot where once Jehovah's temple stood,
And lifted up its gilded pinnacles,
Glowing with light refulgent, Moslem dome
And minaret raise their unseemly shapes,
Where, bowing low before his sensual shrine,
The Prophet's foll'wers throng.

The crowded streets,
Whose busy murmur from the early dawn

Until the sun went down behind the cliffs
Of Carmel, and the stately dwellings, where
In luxury abode the favored sons
Of Judah, told of wealth, intelligence,
And power, now shrink beneath the scattered
tread

Of unclean vagrant, — Jew and Gentile both.
The miserable hovels mark the rule
Of ignorance and superstition, vice
And indolence.

How mighty thy renown,
How wonderful the record of thy past,
And now how fallen ! Memory weeps in vain,
And seeks to find some traces of that pride
That mocked at kings, and threw defiance in
The face of Heaven. The written record tells
Alone thy story. Thy reluctant bards
Have sung thy requiem in the saddest tones,
And told the tale of thy distressful fall,
O city of the mighty, city proud
And haughty, whose foundation stone was laid
In mystery sublime, coeval with
The empires of the ancient world, whose
names
Stand boldly out upon Assyria's marble, or
Have spoken from the sands of Egypt's grave !

Whence is thy birth, and whence thy king
of race

Unknown, called in our tongue Melchisedec,
Who gave thy honored name, "City of Peace?"
Like the bright gleaming of the evening-star,
That flashes for a time its gorgeous light,
And then goes out in clouds ; so he, the great,
The good, companion of the wise, of kings,
And those with whom the mighty God spoke
face

To face, and deigned to call his friends, ap-
peared

In the full splendor of his kingly state,
Then passed away, and was beheld no more
In all time's history, and darkness veiled
In its impenetrable folds thy after fate,
Until the longing eye of Zion's king
Beheld thy strength, and with his warlike arm,
Tore from the Jebusite thy boasted hold.

Here dwelt the shepherd-king, and here
His hand adorned the steep and rocky heights ;
Here, too, his glorious son, the world-renowned,
In wealth, in wisdom, and magnificence,
Received the tribute of the assenting world ;
Here gathered in his untold riches, and,
Inspired by wisdom from on high, built up

That wonder of the nations, peerless house,
In which Jehovah made his chosen home,
And unto which came, thrice in every year,
The pious Israelite, to worship Him.
Here, too, the glorious line of Judah's kings
* Held their high court, and well sustained the
pomp
And splendor of their honored head, such
names,
That even now their proud descendants love
And reverence. The great Jehoshaphat,
The wise and gentle Hezekiah, and
That good, that noble, but ill-fated prince,
Josiah, who, in useless struggle with
Th' Egyptian monarch, at Megiddo fell,
While yet in early manhood.

Darker scenes
Of crime and weakness, blood and violence,
Reproach the pages of thy history.
Thy courts and gardens witnessed, too, the
plot
Of that beloved, fair-featured traitor, who,
In impious rebellion, raised his hand
Against his sire and sovereign. Here the dark
And bloody Athaliah built her throne
In murder, and received the murderer's fate.
Manasseh, child of wickedness, the foul

And impious idolater, who drew
The direst curse of Heaven upon his land
And nation, sat on David's throne, and his
Proud sceptre swayed. Yet darkest, saddest
scene,
When Chaldea's mighty power girdled thy
walls,
And quenched in blood and flame thy honored
name, —
Thrust down thy boasted battlements, and
burned
The sacred temple of thy God ; in chains
Thy princes and thy nobles dragged away,
With all the wealth that ages had acquired,
And left the land a wilderness, where wild
Beasts of the desert held dominion.

When
The stern yet righteous sentence was fulfilled,
Again thy bleak and barren hills began
To smile beneath the hand of industry.
Again the busy sound of rising walls,
The hurried tramp of human foot, the song
Of praise, flowing from thousand thankful
tongues,
The morning and the evening sacrifice,
Declared in truth thy resurrection morn.
Slowly thy lost magnificence returned ;

The temple of thy worship rose apace ;
Thy humbled power came back again, to build
The throne of Judah's royal seed, and the
Departing sceptre, now in strength renewed,
Claimed the obedience of thy willing sons.

And still the ages roll, amid the wild
Tumultuous ragings of Ambition's flood,
That made the holy land a bloody field,
The spot whereon contending monarchs fought
And played with human life, as children play
With toys. Thy towers with more than former pride
Arose, thy walls a larger circuit held,
Thy crowded streets o'erflowed with busy life
Until time's fullness came, when there appeared
Upon the fertile banks of Jordan, One,
Of humble name and birth ignoble, yet
To whom the voice of common fame ascribed
A prophet's power.

Thy proud luxurious priests
And selfish rulers for a while forgot
Their sloth, and ventured to the wilderness
With anxious mind to hear this strange One
speak ;
To witness those great acts, those wondrous
deeds,

Proclaiming more than human hand ; and when
The truth, too plain for controversy, fell
Upon their ear unused to aught save soft
And menial speech, or gentle flattery,
Became offended, and came back again
To sleep in peace, of duty negligent,
Refusing to obey the words they knew
Were righteous, and instead, nursed up their
wrath,

Until the time came round when they could
vent

It on the head of Him who dared rebuke
Their guilt and indolence.

Meanwhile His fame
On sure foundation built, was noised abroad,
Throughout the land ; and as He journeyed
through

The fertile vales of Galilee, He taught,
With golden tongue, the mystery of God,
Glad tidings of great joy to all mankind,
Salvation through the atoning sacrifice
Of God's illustrious and eternal Son ;
Himself the teacher and the offering :
True man, in that He suffered all
The liability of sin. and yet
Without transgression ; all divine, in that
He came from God, and unto Him returned,

In that same likeness found, immaculate
And holy.

Through the towns and villages
He went, dispensing with a generous hand
The gifts His Father gave him. Oft Himself
Athirst, he gave to him who asked the spring
Of life eternal. Often hungry, He
Unto the famishing gave welcome food.
Though persecuted and despised, He sent
The troubled wanderer in peace to rest.
And thus, His gospel preaching, passed the
coast

Of Galilee, and through Samaria's towns
And cities, teaching them the same great truths,
He entered thy proud gates, and gathered in
Thy crowded streets the busy multitudes.
The poor, Him gladly heard ; the rich, the
learned,

Passed by with look of scorn, and bitter word
Of insult and contempt. Thy temple floor
Was honored by His tread. He came to save
Thy ruined race, and with unheard-of love,
His life devoted to their good, and in
Return, they cast derision on His name ;
His guiltless brow in mockery with thorns
They crowned ; and with the reckless soldiers of
A Gentile prince, they took Him out beyond
The city walls, and sacrificed Him there.

The solid rocks where thy foundations stand
Were cleft asunder, and thy temple veil,
Within the Holy Place secure from touch
Unhallowéd, was rent in twain. The graves
Were opened, and the forms of many saints,
Long since in death asleep, were seen to walk
Thy streets, proclaiming by these wondrous
signs,
That He, who on the cross now hung, was
more
Than mortal. Nature, with her fearful voice,
Uttered in truth, "This is the Son of God."

How soon did direst retribution fall
Upon thy blind, imbruted people, when
The matchless armies of the Roman swept
The hills and vales of Judah, and sat down
Before thy gates, crowded with fugitives ;
Nor moved from thence, until the swarming
hordes
Had e'en in very deed consumed themselves ;
And then, with tireless purpose moved, he
seized
The wretched remnant that the famine and
The horrors, so intense, that history's pen
Writes not their parallel, had spared, and sold
Them into hopeless and perpetual chains.

Thy boasted battlements he leveled with
The ground on which they stood, and in the
site
Of thy fair temple's wall, the ploughshare
drew.

And through the ages, thronging with the deeds
Called by mankind heroic, Roman, Greek,
And Saracen, and Turk, and Christian, all
Have sought again to build thy palaces,
And yet Jerusalem is not restored.
Back with a deeper wave the crimson flood
In ceaseless vengeance pours. The burning
words

By prophets uttered in thy prosperous days
Are yet consuming thee, and will consume,
Until the fullness of the time shall come,
When, once again, the cattle on the hills
Of Palestine shall graze in peace ; the vine
Shoot out its tendrils, and the purple fruit
In ample clusters yield ; the olive, as
Of old, in rich abundance line the vales ;
And when, again, the happy multitudes
Shall throng thy streets, and crowd thy palaces,
More glorious than before thy fall, shall rise
Another temple, never more to be
Destroyed, and consecrate thy courts ; when all

That constitutes a happy, prosperous race,
Beneath the smile of God's returning love,
Shall dwell within thy borders.

These, the dreams
That visit now the people of thy choice,
In their full splendor shall be realized,
What time the curse is lifted from thy head,
And the kind providence of God appear.
And there are other memories that throng
The chambers of the soul, more precious than
The recollections of these bygone years ;
That tell of richer joys, of brighter scenes,
Of more enduring splendor : when the new
Jerusalem comes down from God, adorned
With all the wealth of His almighty hand,
With jewels, such as earth can never yield ;
Arrayed in beauty more magnificent
Than mortal eye hath seen ; and where the ear,
By music ravished such as angel choirs
Alone can render, rests in full repose.

Imagination cannot picture half
The loveliness of that fair city, nor can heart
Conceive the joys of its inhabitants.
The golden sunlight pales before the rays
That come from the eternal throne and give
It light, and the pure river, that springs out

Beneath, shall quench eternally the thirst
Of him who drinks. More glorious than all,
That its inhabitants are those redeemed
By Him whom angels worship from the power
Of sin, the heirs of immortality.

And there they ever shall abide, and reign
With Him at once their God, Redeemer,
Friend,

For they shall pass through trial purified
And rendered meet for such inheritance.

Such mem'ries does thy name bring back ;
Such mem'ries may we cherish till the heart
Wiser and stronger in the act shall grow,
Remembering these thy strange vicissitudes,
And the great lesson they were sent to teach.

GENNESARET.

Fair lake of Palestine,
Thy laughing waves still kiss the verdant
shores,

And thy bright waters mockingly fling back
The glittering counterfeits of stars that lie
Deep in thy bosom buried ; while the slopes,
The rocky heights, and the luxuriant vales,
Are yet among thy borders, and the vine,
With her rich clusters temptingly displayed,
Courts the admiring gaze. Now, as of old,
Like some grim fortress with its sentinels
Guarding a fairy bower, the mighty front
Of Lebanon looks down, and in thy face
Beholds his frowning brow ; while far away,
The towering height of Hermon lifts his head
Of snow ; and lesser heights keep watch and
ward,

To guard thy classic haunts and sacred fanes
From touch presumptuous, and the gaze of
rude

And idle men.

Once cities lined thy shores,

And all the treasures of a monarch's wealth
Strove to enhance thy beauty, while he reared
Upon thy side such gems of art, such piles
Of grand magnificence, as should defy
The mouldering hand of time, and bear his
name

To generations through all coming years.

And thy fair surface, dotted with the sails
Of vessels nameless to our ken, echoed
The joyous sounds of mirth and revelry ;
Yet now there is no trace of that, so grand,
So wonderful magnificence, that once
Adorned thy borders, and displayed so rich
And varied treasure, save in ruined heaps,
In broken obelisks, and columns, which,
In marvelous profusion, in the dust
Half buried lie.

No sail now breaks the calm
That rests so gently on thy heaving breast ;
No keel floats in thy slumb'ring waters. Now
Thy beauty is of that alone, that God
Has for thy birthright given : nature, not art,
Perpetuates thy grace. Thy wealth is that
Alone creation has bestowed, which man
Can neither give nor take. And yet there is
No gift in all thy treasure half so rich
As those rare memories that cluster round

Thy history. Some dim and shadow like,
As the dull vapors that sometime becloud
Old Hermon's top, and while they hide, would
speak

A beauty more sublime ; and ever thus
Imagination gilds and magnifies
The unseen, and ignores the true that stands
Revealed ; and some are glorious as that mount,
When Phœbus shines in fullest splendor on
His snowy height.

Far back in ancient days,
The patriarchs trod thy fertile banks, and kings
And prophets sought thy side, and bathed
refreshed

Within thy cooling tide. What stories could
Thy waters tell had they but speech, of times
Long buried in the dust of ages, and
Of men, among the mightiest of their time ;
Of acts, at which the deeds that we call great
Would shrink to insignificance ; could tell
Of nations, once the powerful and the proud,
Whose very names are numbered with the lost ;
And all have passed away like the dim shade
That morning chases o'er the western sea.
And they could tell of wars, and scenes of
blood

That stain not history's page, nor are preserved
Among those legends which the father tells

The son, and thus live on through ages, till
Perchance they fade away.

'Tis not of these
That I would have thee speak — no deeds of
blood ;

No records of the wise or great, heroes
Illustrious or renowned, would I require, —
Far back where history has no trace in all
Her stores ; but I would ask for scenes of
peace,

That bathed thy beauty in a holier light,
And lent thy fame a more enduring life ;
Of scenes, when He whose lips spake wisdom
such

As never human lips have uttered, stood
Upon thy banks, and sailed upon thy flood,
And taught the foolish heavenly wisdom, to
The poor gave bread that never fails, and to
The thirsty, water from the well of life ;
Would bid thee speak of Him, by birth a king,
And heir of kingdoms such as man's vain
heart

In all his pride has never dreamed, and yet
Who had not where to lay His head, or place
Whereon to rest His weary feet.

Of scenes,
As when He entered, with the faithful twelve,

A little ship, to seek that quiet which
The multitudes, in their rude thronging, failed
To offer to His tired limbs. Oppressed
With labor done in deeds of charity
And love, when blind eyes opened at His word,
The sick restored to health, the lame made
whole,

When e'en the dead came back to gladden
once

Again the homes they loved, — He fell asleep ;
When there arose a tempest wild and fierce,
So full of wrath, that the frail bark seemed
like

To yield to the destroying flood ; fearful,
His timid foll'wers saw the impending fate
That hung suspended o'er them, and, though
weak,

Their little faith, impelled by sudden fear,
Bade them on Him to call, who but a day
Agone had told them "that the foxes had
Their dens, and the wild birds which flew
above

Their heads had each a nest, but He, the Son
Of man, had not a place on which to rest
His weary head ;" on Him for help they call, —
"Save, Lord, we perish." At His word, the
sea,

So furious in its angry flood, sunk down
Calm as a sleeping infant, while He spake
In gentle chiding to those trembling ones.

Or, when He fed the hungry multitude,
And thousands feasted on those few small
loaves

And fishes, and how much in fragments still
Remained. And how, longing for solitude,
He sent His foll'wers to the farther shore
And spent the night in prayer ; meanwhile the
ship

With toilsome labor slowly overcame
The angry sea, and midnight on them fell
While yet the shore was distant ; when far out
Upon the waves, a strange form towards them
came,

Walking upon the waters, as alone
Spirits are said to walk ; in agony
The terrified disciples cry aloud,
But He, whose voice had stilled the raging
deep,

Whose word the furious elements obeyed,
Spoke calmness to their souls, and gave them
rest.

Then, in the fullness of his dawning faith,
One bolder than his mates essayed to meet

His Lord upon the treacherous element ;
And once upon the deep his confidence
Forsook him, and he soon sunk down
And quick had perished, but for Him
Who gave the sea its bounds.

And once again,
When He, the Son of man, whom wicked hands
Had crucified and hanged upon the cross,
Burst forth triumphant from the feeble bands
That death had on Him flung, He visited
Thy favored shore, and as the morning dawned
Upon those sad disciples, who mourning
His death, and deeming all was lost, had sought
Their old vocation, calling from the shore
He bade them cast the net upon the right.

His voice was strange, and His dim form
they knew

Not in the hazy light ; yet, weary with
The useless labors of the night, obeyed,
And now the net dragged heavily, so full
The draught they scarce could haul it to the
shore

So near at hand. Light in the instant broke
Upon the soul of him whom Jesus loved,
And quick he, answering, said, "It is the
Lord ;"

And while the glad words linger on their ear
They hasten to the land, half longing, half
Afraid, for they had seen Him die, and in
The grave lie cold and silent, with the seal
Of Pilate on His tomb.

They hardly dared
To trust the welcome tidings; yet with hope
Their hearts beat high, and when they knew

His voice,

And saw the prints the cruel nails had made
Upon His hands and feet, the spear wound in
His side, and *knew* it was their Lord, they
feared,—

So strange the effect of death upon the best
Loved and the dearest; yet they soon o'ercame
Their timid fear, and gathering close around,
Listened with eager joy to all the words
That fell from His beloved lips; the past,
So plain they saw it now; the future, so
Distinct and real, that it seemed to them
As present; while their thirsting souls drank in
The wondrous teachings of their glorious Chief.
Their eyes were opened, their astonished souls
Now first His mission understood, and blessed
The grace that made them His apostles.

Thus,

Thy favored shores have echoed to the tread

Of thy Creator, flowers that grew upon
Thy banks have kissed His feet while yielding
to

Their gentle pressure, and thy waters bathed
The limbs of Him, who was, and is, and who
Will ever be, Lord of the universe,
The Friend of sinners, and their Saviour, too,
Too glorious for the highest throne of earth,
And yet the meekest one who ever wore
The human form.

What gracious privilege
Was thine, to bear His form upon thy breast ;
His gentle features on thy surface bear ;
To hear the words that fell so sweetly from
His hallowed lips ; the silent witness of
Such acts as mortal hand has never yet
Performed ! and thy familiar name we love
In blessed association with His own
To mingle, for He was thy gracious Lord.

As He was thine, so constant, and so true,
May the fond mem'ries of thy name lead us
To think of Him, and who He was, and how
He came to cherish and to bless our race ;
Lead us to think how we have fallen, and
How strong the love that sought us out, and
made

Us heirs of immortality with Him ;
And the blessed privilege is ours to bear
His image on our hearts, its impress on
Our lives ; that every word and act shall tell
To those we meet, that our Redeemer lives
To guide our trembling feet, to guard us, when
On dang'rous post we stand, to fill our hearts
With that firm confidence and trusting hope,
Which shall sustain us when life's treasures
fail,
And bring us home.

CARMEL.

On thy luxuriant brow
The sun in majesty looks down, and 'mid
The clustering flowers and lofty woods, reveals
New beauties in each changing shade, new life
Diffuses, and from barren rocks, and cold,
Dead earth, brings into sight the handicraft
Of God, in power more wonderful, in art
More opulent, and richer far in all
That constitutes true wealth and beauty, than
The noblest works that man has ever wrought.
The free, pure air around thy summit plays,
And the benignant sky spreads o'er thy head
Its azure curtain, while the Great Sea laves
Thy base, and beats its ceaseless measure on
The pebbly shore.

Far out, where to the eye
The sky and water mingle, there the wide
And heaving flood, lifting and surging like
The restless impulse of a soul confined,
Falls now with gentle murmur, or with wild
And angry roar dashes against the rocks,

As summer winds invite, or tempests urge.
The white-winged messenger of Commerce
flits

Across the peaceful surface, or with slow
And weary labor breasts the rising gale ;
While here and there the sea-bird darts upon
His unsuspecting prey, and upward soars
On tireless pinion, cleaving in his flight
The measureless expanse of heaven, until in
Distance lost.

From off thy northern slope,
The eye rests on the mighty Lebanon,
Whose massive piles of huge unshapely stones
In the dim hazy light put on the garb
Of comeliness, and their gigantic arms
Reach out, piercing the very sky ; long lines
Of stalwart sentinels they stand, to guard
The furthest border ; calm and silent all ;
While in the orient, towering to the heavens,
The snow-capped Hermon stands alone, in
grand,
Majestic solitude ; and nestling in
The shadow of the hills, as if to seek
Protection, lies the blue and polished face
Of Galilee, seeming to shrink away
From human gaze :

While, low against the sky,

As though to intercept the earliest ray
That leaps up into life, when the new dawn
Breaks in upon the wondering sight, the heights
Of Moab's mountains lie ; between, a dim
And shad'wy outline traces out the path
Where Jordan rolls its silver waves, o'er sands,
Through meadows broad, in tortuous course,
until

Beyond Engedi's rugged cliffs, it pours
Its crystal waters in Asphaltities.
The low, broad range of hills, like heavy clouds
Upon the horizon cast, show faintly in
The distance, while the filmy haze, like a
Rich drapery, spreads o'er the enchanting view
And hallows all.

The Holy City on
Her rock-crowned heights, with her far-reach-
ing walls,
Her towers, her battlements, her temple, lies
In deep oblivion buried ; and the calm
And peaceful sky o'erhead no token shows
Of busy life, of noise and tumult, that
Fill up the measure of each day's hard toil.
Beneath thy foot Esdrelon's lovely vale
Spreads its fair slopes, so fraught with mem-
ories
Of strange and varied scenes long passed
away ;

Some peaceful, some of strife and carnage tell,
That often bathed in blood these fields so
fair

And beautiful, and wrung with agony
So many hearts, and forced the tear from eyes
Unused to weep.

In yonder vale, where flow
Bright Kishon's waters, rose Megiddo's tow-
ers,

The silent witnesses of many a stern
And bloody conflict. There the countless host
Of Jabin fled before a woman's arm ;
There Gideon, with his brave three hundred,
put

To flight the armies of the Midianite ;
There Saul and Jonathan fell down before
Philistia's boastful arm. There, too, before
The avenging hand of Jehu, fled and fell
King Azariah ; there Josiah died,
The best beloved of Judah's faithful kings,
Paying the price of his own rashness, while
A stricken nation's tears flowed down in streams
Upon his grave.

Such varied memories spring
Unbidden from the deep recesses of
The heart, as rests the sight upon each well
Known spot ; sometimes in sad remembrance,
as

The mind recalls a record dark with guilt ;
Sometimes in joyful recollection of
Those thrilling scenes when God by prophet
spoke ;

Or by His mighty power through human arm,
Wrought vengeance on the sensual teachers of
A false and treacherous god. Whate'er the
eye

Rests on, in north, or south, or east, or west,
That spot is hallowed by some daring deed,
Or tender recollection, — the highway
Tro'd by huge armies, or the scene of peace
And happiness.

Here, on the summit, stood
The bold, impetuous Elijah, clad
In strange, uncourtly garments, and declared
The word of God to the offending king,
And bade the trial come, to prove the true
Jehovah from the false and feeble Baal.
Strong in the might of everlasting truth
He stood alone, while of the idol priests
Came multitudes to prove their god supreme.
The altar and the victim stand prepared,
While with loud cries and frantic gestures
strive

The strange deluded wretches, to bring down
The fire celestial to consume at once

Altar and offering, and thus their cause
Divine attest.

At early morn they cry ;
From morn till noon their shouts the sky be-
siege ;
Nor voice nor tongue unto their lab'ring breath
An answer gives. The prophet's mocking
ing voice
Bids them more loudly call : perchance their
god
May sleep, or journey, or amid the hunt's
Delights unheed the prayers that rise from
earth's
Far-distant bounds, or in close converse with
Some friendly deity neglect their cries.
In vain they shout ; in vain their flesh they
pierce,
Until the gushing blood leaps forth in streams
Upon the ground. From noon, until the time
Of evening sacrifice, their labor waste ;
"And yet no one regarded, nor did voice
Give answer back."

And then Elijah spoke :
"Come near." The wondering multitudes drew
up,
While he repaired God's broken altar from
The stones that lay around, one for each tribe

Of Israel, while about a trench he made ;
Then laid the wood in order, and above
The victim placed ; and now he bade them
pour

Upon the pile, water in copious draughts.
Without a word they answer his command
Until the whole is flooded, and the trench ;
And now the prophet lifts his voice in prayer,
To Him whose ear is always open, and
Who never sleeps, who hears the feeblest cry,
Or even wish unspoken in the heart
Of those who seek His aid.

His prayer is heard ;
And from celestial heights comes down the
flame,

Consumes the sacrifice, the wood, the stones,
And e'en the very dust ; and from the trench
Licks up the flowing water, while amazed,
The awe-struck crowd upon their faces fall,
And own Jehovah as the only Lord,
Him whom for Baal they had long refused.
And now the terrible command comes forth :
"Take ye the prophets of the helpless god ;
Let none escape." Obedient at the word,
They lead them to the brink of Kishon's stream,
And there the prophet slew them. Thus flowed
back

Upon their guilty heads the righteous blood
That they had shed.

The lessons of the past

Fly thus before us, and we learn that truth
Shall finally prevail, though long cast down,
And trodden under foot of those who dare
Not own its power. Could these bold cliffs
give forth

The record of their history, could these
Reluctant rocks in testimony speak,
How wonderful the deeds they would reveal!
How the long catalogue of acts left us
By pen of man would shrink to nothingness!
So little does the record show of what
Has been, so little do we know of all
The truths that lie buried deep in the dust
Of centuries, never to be revealed
While time shall last.

CHRIST RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

IN silence and with reverential tread,
The funeral train moves out the city gate ;
Upon his bier they bear the voiceless dead
To that long home where the departed wait.

The mother's heart bows down in sorrow
sore ;

She weeps sad tears above his lifeless form, —
Her only son, whom she shall see no more,
Her pride, her joy, her shelter from the
storm.

Slowly she follows with a breaking heart ;
Vainly those friends essay to stay her grief ;
The kindly word no comfort can impart,
Nor fond affection offer a relief.

Unheeded are the sounds that meet her ear ;
Unseen the forms that pass her on the way ;
All thought is centred in the one so dear ;
All hope is sleeping in that lifeless clay.

A strange, sweet voice breaks in upon her
grief:

“Weep not,” it speaks in comfort to her
heart ;

And trembling hope springs up to her relief, —
The “Son of man” bids all her fears de-
part.

The bier he touches — bids the dead arise ;
From out his deathly sleep the young man
wakes ;

The joyful mother sees with glad surprise,
And praise to God forth from her glad
breast breaks.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY wretches stripped, and wounded sore,
A poor man by the wayside lay ;
A priest from Zion's temple door,
By chance directed, came that way :
He saw the bruised and helpless one,
A brother in distress and need ;
A single look, his work was done,
Passed on, and gave no further heed.

Alone and friendless, weak and faint,
Lacking the needful strength to move,
With none to hear his sad complaint,
With none a neighbor's love to prove ;
A Levite from the temple gate,
Filled with that strange Judæan pride,
Came near, beheld his hapless state, —
Passed by upon the other side.

The long, slow-moving moments wait :
Will no one heed the suffering one, —
No eye take pity on his fate, —
And must he perish there alone ?

The good Samaritan came by,
Of a despised, accurséd race ;
Yet with compassion in his eye,
And love reflected in his face, —

Bound up his wounds with oil and wine,
On his own beast him gently placed,
And with a love that seemed divine,
Upon his kindly features traced,
Gave rest and shelter. Who shall say
That God will hesitate to bless,
Whate'er his nation or his day,
Who helps his neighbor in distress ?

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

PAST midnight, and on Galilee
The troubled waters rose and fell ;
The crested surges angrily
Rolled in their tireless, mighty swell.
The clouds hung darkly overhead ;
No star shot out its silvery light,
But shadows o'er the waters spread,
And deepened more the gloom of night.

A little ship, far out from shore,
Tossed restlessly upon the sea :
Her feeble crew, with steady oar,
Amid the gale toiled ceaselessly ;
Yet ever and anon looked out
Upon the boiling, heaving main,
With anxious eye and look of doubt,
For that far shore they wished to gain.

Through the deep gloom and through the shade
Comes walking on the fretful sea
A human form — they sink dismayed,
And cry in helpless agony.

But He whose voice the raging flood
 Short time ago in peace obeyed,
 Now on those angry waters stood,
 And said, "'Tis I, be not afraid."

Spake one from out that troubled band,
 "Our Lord, if it be Thou indeed,
 Bid me upon the waters stand,
 And follow where thy footsteps lead."
 He answered, "Come ;" the word obeyed,
 And quickly from the ship sprang out,
 But soon sank down, by doubt dismayed ;
 Said Jesus, "Wherefore didst thou doubt ?

And quickly caught his trembling hand,
 With courage filled his sinking heart,
 And bade his faltering feet to stand,
 Nor act again the coward's part.
 Soon o'er the vessel's side they spring,
 And gently move the winds and flood ;
 In joy these glad disciples sing,
 And worship Him, the "Son of God."

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

ON thy fair waters, Galilee,
Looks sweetly down the mellow sky ;
Across thy face the shadows fly,
And seem to pierce thy slumbering sea.
A bark glides out from yonder shore,
A fragile, an adventurous thing ;
Confidingly she sets her wing,
And skims thy peaceful surface o'er.

There is no murmur in the air,
Nor boding cloud's impending form
To whisper the approaching storm,
Or raise a thought of danger there.
A little band, a chosen few,
Hold friendly converse on the deep ;
Their weary Master lies asleep,
While they their swift-winged course pursue.

At once the slumb'ring winds awake ;
The threat'ning clouds across the sky
In black, tempestuous columns fly,
And o'er the feeble vessel break ;

The rising winds like thunder roar
And lash the swelling waves in wrath,
While murky shades blot out their path,
And hide from sight the distant shore.

Oppressed with sudden fear, they cry,
In the dread accents of despair,
To Him who sleeps so calmly there, —
“Protect us, Master, or we die.”

The Master wakes ; with full command
Speaks to the tempest: “Peace ! be still.”
The elements obey His will,
And bear them safely to the shore.

JAIKUS' DAUGHTER.

THE father's bosom leaps
For joy, to hear the words the Master said,
Breathed sweetly to his anxious ear: "She
sleeps;
The maiden is not dead."

On a low couch she lay,
Pale as a marble statue, and as cold,
As motionless ; the smile had passed away ;
The eye its secret told.

The mother's trembling hand
Felt no returning pressure, and her tear
No sign of recognition might command:
The form alone was here.

And through the closed door
The bitter wailing of the mourners came,
Making the sorrow deeper than before,
Repeating her dear name.

And now the Master spoke,
While with a lifted eye He took her hand,
And with a gentle force her slumber broke,
In tone of mild command ;

And said, " Maiden, arise ! " .
And like one waking from a troubled sleep,]
Presents her living to their wondering eyes ;
And now for joy they weep.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

O'ER the vine-clad hills of Judah,
Through Ephratah's lowly vale,
Comes the chorus of the angels,
"To the King of glory, hail!"
On the waiting night air stealing,
Like the morn on Pisgah's height,
Comes the flood of crystal splendor,
Beaming with celestial light.

Now the song comes full and joyous,
Rolling through heaven's lofty dome,
To the ear of shepherds watching
On the hills of David's home;
And the more than golden sunlight
Lifts the veil from Zion's walls,
And the glory of that midnight
On the infant Saviour falls.

Through eternal years the anthems
With redeeméd voices ring:
"Glory in the highest," singing,
"Glory to our new-born King."

Still the heavenly radiance brightens,
Kindled at the Saviour's birth ;
Scatters far the clouds of darkness ;
Lightens the benighted earth.

May the song that eve awakened,
In Ephratah's lowly vale,
By the voices of the angels,
Ever o'er our earth prevail.
May that light whose glorious splendor
Blessed that first fair Christmas Eve,
Clear the world of every shadow,
And its own pure brilliance leave.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

A LEGEND.

I.

ON the bank of a broad, dark river
 Stood the holy man of God,
And the sun was slowly sinking
 On the lonely path he trod.
Upon him, hard and heavy,
 Hung the burden that he bore,
Of the hours of that long journey,
 To that strange and unknown shore.

II.

And the river was before him,
 With its dark and troubled stream ;
And he saw, with sad foreboding,
 The distant lightning gleam ;
Yet through that waste of waters
 The end of his journey lay ;
But ah ! his steps were heavy,
 He had travelled far that day. —

III.

From the long, dull hours of morning,
Through noon-tide's fervent heat ;
And now he was cold and hungry,
He was faint for rest and meat ;
But the river, he must pass it,
And the waves were rising fast,
While the chilly wind blew fiercer,
With a strong, yet fitful blast.

IV.

Right manfully he girded
Himself to his dreary task,
And then looked up with courage,
His Master's aid to ask ;
Then strode with his wonted vigor
To the brink of the raging flood ;
But he thought, 'mid the storm and tumult,
Of the cross and his Saviour's blood.

V.

Just then a voice beside him,
In accents worn and weak,
To the weary and hungry disciple
His feeble request did speak :
"I am very faint and weary ;
I am old, and cannot pass

The wild and fearful waters ;
Yet I must go, alas !

VI.

“The stream is broad and rapid,
And my steps are very slow,
While the shore is dim and distant :
Alas ! how shall I go ?”
Away flew thought of hunger,
Away the toilsome path,
No thought of fear or danger,
Or the tempest in its wrath ;

VII.

But the warm and kindly nature
Of his Master fired his heart,
As the faithful, brave disciple,
Bade the poor one's fear depart :
“Mount thee upon my shoulders,
For they are broad and strong ;
They will bear thee safely over,
And thy journey speed along.

VIII.

“Nor fear thee of the danger,
Look up with steady eye ;
My God, and thine, shall aid us,
And all harm shall pass us by.”

The old man spoke his pleasure,
And held him firmly there,
While boldly through the waters
The good man moved with care.

IX.

Light on him rests the burden, —
Light heart makes labor light, —
And soon he hopes to leave it
On that bank so near to sight.
But now it grows more heavy,
And the stream is deep'ning fast;
The waves rush fierce, and fiercer,
And ruder is the blast.

X.

Bear up, bear up, brave spirit;
Shrink not from toil or task;
Bethink thee of thy Master,
He will aid thee if thou ask.
And now he moves more slowly,
On his dark, uncertain way;
Does he repent him ever
Of his kindly act to-day?

XI.

Shall he turn him back despondent,
And halt upon the road,

On the banks of that lone river,
 Into which so bravely he strode?
Still heavier grows the burden ;
 It bears him down like lead ;
And his spirit sinks within him,
 For the waters reach his head.

XII.

Ah me! but he will perish,
 He cannot pass the flood ;
He cannot bear him onward ;
 O help him, Son of God !
Yet on he bravely struggles,
 His steps he will never retrace, —
Through the winds and waves assailing,
 Looks upward for strength and grace.

XIII.

The shore is yet far distant,
 And his steps are feeble and slow ;
His burden is ever increasing,
 And higher the waters flow ;
But he cannot yield so weakly,
 He has said, and he must do ;
And he prays again to his Master
 To carry him safely through.

XIV.

And now his toil is ended ;
The victory he has won :
He has passed the broad, dark river,
And his journeying is done.
The burden rests no longer
Upon his weary frame ;
And he blesses the Great Jehovah,
He has triumphed in His name.

XV.

But now he looks with wonder,
He looks almost with fear ;
For where is that feeble brother
Who was but now so near ?
And who is that bright One standing
In robes of living light,
Amid the dusky shadows
Of that chill and dreary night ?

XVI.

And whose sweet voice is speaking
In words so full of love ?
It is his Lord and Saviour,
From his Father's house above.
And thus to the brave disciple,
To the earnest, faithful one,

He speaks in words of welcome, —
Speaks the well belovéd Son :

XVII.

“ And thou wast faint and weary ;
The stream was broad and deep ;
Yet thou didst never falter,
And My promise I will keep.
As thou didst hear and pity,
So will I honor thee :
As thou didst bear so bravely
The cross and load for me, —

XVIII.

“ So will I bear thee safely
That last, dark river through ;
Give thee a crown of glory,
And in heaven a mansion, too.”
So to the lowly alway
Comes strength in sorest need ;
The earnest, faithful servant
In the will shall find the deed.

ONLY THINE.

THINE by all the joys of earth ;
Thine by every hope of heaven ;
By that boon of priceless worth,
Promise of our sins forgiven,
Saviour, teach our hearts to pray ;
Purchased by a love divine,
Help our longing souls to say,
Thine we are, and only Thine.

Thou our costly ransom paid,
Washed us pure from every stain ;
Thou our strong foundation laid
Deep within Thy love again.
Be our every thought of Thee ;
All our will to Thee incline ;
May our best affections be
Thine indeed, and only Thine.

Thou, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Nearer let us live to Thee ;
Thou our lives from guilt defend ;
May our hearts Thy dwelling be.
Thou who saved our souls from death,
Let Thy love within us shine ;
May we sing with latest breath, —
“Thine we are, and only Thine.”

DEDICATION ODE.

NEW songs of praise we bring
To our eternal King,
For His kind care ;
His love inspired the thought ;
His hands the work has wrought,
That reared with blessings fraught
This house of prayer.

Here let the songs arise
That Zion's people prize,
And God shall hear ;
But not with voice alone,
For sounds reach not His throne,
Unless the heart shall own
His presence near.

Here let our prayers ascend,
As every knee we bend
To Christ our King ;
No empty words can rise
From cold hearts to the skies,
But love that never dies
To Him we bring.

Here may His glorious word
To many hearts afford

Long needed grace ;
Here may the soul oppressed
By sin and sorrow rest
Upon the Saviour's breast,
And see His face.

Long as these walls shall stand,
May His almighty hand

Preserve and bless ;
Glad hearts His praises sing,
And earnest prayers shall bring
True words of Christ our King,
Our Righteousness.

JESUS, MY SHEPHERD.

JESUS, my Shepherd, He careth for me,
Sin-stained and guilty, tho' vile I may be ;
His love never ceaseth, my burden He bears,
My sins He removeth, my sorrow He shares ;
Though straying in darkness, afar from the
light,
Temptations assailing, I grope in the night,
I turn me with sighing, and wonder to see
My Shepherd so near, and He careth for me.

Night turns to day, and the sigh to a smile ;
Silent I follow, and listen the while ;
That voice, how I love it ! I know it must be
Jesus, my Shepherd, He calleth for me.

With Him for my leader, I never can stray ;
With Him to support me, ne'er faint by the
way ;
He is my Guide, and my strength He shall be :
Jesus, my Shepherd, He careth for me.

Fainting and weary, I struggle in vain ;
Doubting and gloom settle o'er me again ;
A hand lifts the burden : I know it must be
My Shepherd so gentle, who careth for me.

Come, O ye wanderer, will you not come,
As sheep to the fold, though so far now from
home ?

Jesus, my Shepherd, so gracious and free,
Waits but to welcome, He careth for thee.

“GOD SPEED THEE.”

GOD speed thee:” ’tis a homely phrase,
And speaks a rougher age ;
Yet kindlier wish no word conveys
To one on pilgrimage.
“God speed thee :” from the honest heart
How warm, and yet how true !
The dearest word when friends depart,—
The wish and blessing too.

“God speed thee ” with the favoring gale,
A tranquil winter sea ;
Our prayers shall fill thy hast’ning sail,
And bear thee joyously ;
Shall find thee words of welcome, too,
And kindly hearts to greet ;
Such welcome as we only know
In dreams, when loved ones meet.

"God speed thee" while with anxious love
We count the weary days ;
With wingéd feet our fond thoughts rove,
And trace thy unseen ways ;
"God speed thee," is our earnest prayer,
Thy swift return to bring ;
Keep thee beneath His fost'ring care,
The shadow of His wing.

THE TRIUMPH.

THE strife is ended ; bitter tears
No longer wet my furrowed cheeks ;
No cloud of sad, foreboding fears
Delays the joy my spirit seeks.
Long years of toil have closed at last,
Of broken sleep and labored breath ;
My days of trial now are past,
And yonder is the victor's wreath.

The sorrows and the wasting grief,
So long the burden of my life,
Seem now so distant and so brief,
I scarce can deem there was a strife.
In perils oft by land and sea,
With brethren false, and open foes, —
All past — and my full soul is free ;
I triumph over all my woes.

No vain regret, that life has been
One long continued scene of strife, —
I joy that I have conquered sin,
And now I pass through death to life ;

My breath is in my Master's hand ;
He gave, and He may take again ;
My treasure lies in yonder land,
With Him whose right it is to reign.

A mansion is prepared for me ;
There is a crown in yonder store ;
And He who gave me victory,
Shall bear me to that glorious shore.
Forever blessed be His name ;
His praise be ever on my tongue ;
Throughout eternity the same,
By saints and angels ever sung.

“BEHOLD, THE MORNING COMETH.”

WHAT though the night be dark,
The way be dreary,
And neither star nor planet beam
Pierces the gloom with silver gleam ;
Though winds beset our bark,
And we are weary?
The morning cometh, and the night
Gives place to day's resplendent light.

What though the storm be fierce,
And we despairing ;
Though tempests rage beyond control,
And ocean billows madly roll ;
Vainly the cloud to pierce,
Our strength is wearing?
Storms will not always last, nor night ;
Behold the morning's glorious light.

What though the Father's face,
A moment hidden,
Fills up the soul with sudden fear,
And leaves it desolate and drear ?

Should hope to doubt give place,
A guest unbidden?
The morning cometh, when the day
Shall drive despair and doubt away.

Hope will not, cannot die,
Though it may tarry;
For, far beyond the tomb, it thrives,
The perfect fruit of holy lives.

It lightens joyfully
The load we carry;
And shows a land where is no night,
But ever shines eternal light.

“THERE SHALL BE LIGHT.”

IT is not always night,
Although the gloom be deep ;
Clouds do not always veil the light,
Nor shadows round us sweep.

The darkness shall give way
Like mist before the sun,
And the clear-flowing beam of day
Break through the shadows dim.

After the night comes day,
So joy doth follow fear ;
Behind the cloud the sun's bright ray ;
In doubt, hope draweth near.

Though sorrow claim the night,
Yet in the morn comes joy ;
Then grief shall hasten to its flight,
And hope bear no alloy.

THE HARVEST WORK.

LOOK o'er the burdened fields,
The harvest, O, how white !
And even now the daylight yields,
And it will soon be night.

Soon will the day be done,
Our labor soon be o'er ;
How soon, and yon descending sun
Shall greet our eyes no more.

Then with a hearty will
The glorious task we'll share ;
And labor on through good and ill,
Nor till the end forbear.

Then shall the work be sweet,
And many a precious sheaf
Be gathered where the ransomed meet,
Around their radiant Chief.

BE WISE.

BE wise, if thou a soul wouldst win,
To choose the fitting look and word ;
There is a sympathy within,
That reaches where no voice is heard.

“ Be wise : ” it is the Master's voice
That bids thee labor thus for Him ;
The end shall make thy heart rejoice ;
Thy light shall never more grow dim.

Be wise in method and in time,
In every action, as in word ;
And point, with joy, those truths sublime,
To him who seeks the way to God.

Be wise as they are wise who spend
Their days in heaping wealth or fame ;
And He a great success shall send,
And give thee an enduring name.

AWAKE FROM THY SLUMBER.

A WAKE from thy slumber, O Christian,
awake!

The foe is upon thee, thy deadliest foe ;
Arouse thee for life, to thy weapon betake,
Thy sword tried and trusty, and welcome
the blow.

Look well to thine armor : thy glistening shield ;
Thine often tried helmet to cover thy head ;
For sharp is the contest, and stubborn the
field,
Yet sure is thy triumph, the Master has
said.

Lift high the fair standard, the battle-cry
shout,
Till far in the distance the echoes reply ;
March boldly, nor ever the victory doubt, —
The issue is safe, 'neath the great Captain's
eye.

Though fainting and weary, and sorely distressed,

 The foe cannot conquer unless thou give
 o'er ;

The strife will be sharp, but there cometh a
 rest,

 Sweet rest, in the presence of Him ever-
 more.

BEAR THEE UP.

BEAR thee up bravely,
Comrade of mine,
Manfully fighting
This warfare of thine ;
Weak though thine arm be,
Fleeting thy breath,
One arm shall help thee,
Stronger than death.

Bear thee up bravely,
Comrade of mine,
For thou shalt conquer,
The triumph is thine !
Flesh it may fail thee,
Courage give way ;
One Friend is steadfast,
All Him obey.

Bear thee up bravely ;
Time flies apace ;
Soon shall the end come,
The end of the race ;

Limbs they may falter ;
Eyes become dim ;
Yet never vainly
Trust thou in Him.

Bear thee up bravely,
Comrade of mine ;
Never give over
This battle of thine ;
He shall thy strength be,
Guard, and defense ;
Give thee the victory,
Welcome thee hence.

GOD IN THE SEA.

WHEN tempests o'er the billows sweep,
And the huge waves with fury lash ;
When the fierce lightning's vivid flash
Reveals the restless surging deep ; —
Than wind and wave more potent still
The wondrous voice of God is heard ;
Submissive to His mighty word,
The elements obey His will.

And when, beneath the spell of night,
The boundless ocean sinks to rest,
In robes of matchless beauty dressed,
No scene on earth so grandly bright ;
Here, too, the glory and the might
Of our Creator's hand appear, —
In majesty His train draws near,
And scatters wide celestial light.

And so when storms assail the soul,
And darkness gathers o'er its sky ;
When starting tear-drops dim the eye,
And human power bears no control,
Comes in that glorious power once more,
And bids the raging tumult cease ;
The troubled heart sinks down in peace ;
The reign of doubt and fear is o'er.

NO MEDIATOR.

ZION is wasted, forsaken her border,
And low in the dust lie her beauty and
grace ;
Ravished her vineyards, and wild with disorder,
The multitudes trample the holy place.
Woe is me, for there's no mediator,
Pity, nor pardon, from Him, the Creator.

Sinai encompassed with glory and terror,
In thunder and flame, speaks to Israël now ;
Sin reigns in triumph, the billows of error
Roll in with a flood, and the people bow.
Woe is me, for there's no mediator,
Shelter, nor shield, from the angry Creator.

Wrath is gone out, and the terrible sentence
Is spoken by lips that can never unsay ;
Thrust from His sight, with no peace in repentance,
No hope in the future to light the way, —

Woe is me, for there's no mediator,
Welcome, nor smile, from the mighty Creator.

Blindness has seized on the heart of the nation,
And shame comes not hither to crimson the cheek ;

No sign from Him, save this wide desolation,
Whose name, only angels may dare to speak.
Woe is me, for there's no mediator
Standing before an offended Creator.

Dark is the night, and there follows no morning ;

The gloom gathers thickly, and hedges the way ;

Sad is the present, and solemn the warning
That marks the approach of the coming day.
Woe is me, for there's no mediator
Op'ning the pathway to Him, the Creator.

Can it be true, that Jehovah will never
In kindness the rod of His anger withhold ?
No, "for His mercy endureth forever ;"

His word cannot fail, nor His love grow cold.
Joy is me, for there's one Mediator,
Christ, the Messiah, our King, the Creator.

“HOLY SPIRIT, FROM MY HEART.”

HOLY Spirit, from my heart
May Thy presence ne'er depart ;
Lighten my uncertain way ;
Be my comfort and my stay ;
By Thy holy influence taught,
May I purify each thought,
While I walk the narrow road
Leading to Thy blest abode.

Holy Spirit, by Thy power,
Keep me in temptation's hour ;
Clear the darkness from my mind
That I be no longer blind ;
Guide my steps that I may tread
In the way my Saviour led,
Till I come to that sweet home
Whence the ransomed never roam.

Holy Spirit, Power divine !
Give me only thoughts like Thine ;
Give me grace to know and do
Only what is right and true ;
That my life be not in vain,
Show me good in every pain ;
May Thy power each purpose move,
That my Father may approve.

THE CROSS.

JESUS, shall the cross forever
Lay its burden on my heart?
Will the toil and labor never
From my weary soul depart?
Will it always be temptation,
Always doubt, mistrust, and fear ;
Dangers too, and sad vexation, —
Is no rest permitted here?

Shall I always pine in sadness,
Grieving o'er my life of sin?
Will my heart ne'er know the gladness
Of a Saviour's love within?
And the presence, pure and holy,
Of the blessed Comforter,
Comes it always thus so slowly?
Can, O ! can it long defer ?

“Come to me, ye lone and dreary,”
Hear the voice of promise speak,
“All ye stricken ones and weary,
Heavy burdened, faint, and weak ;
Come to me in every sorrow,
Come, and I will give you rest ;
Come to-day, wait not to-morrow,
And thou surely shalt be blessed.

“CARE FOR ME, O MY SAVIOUR.”

CARE for me, O my Saviour !
There is no arm but Thine,
In this my life's dread battle,
Can help this arm of mine.
Care for me, O Thou loved one !
Thine eye hath felt the tear ;
Thy heart hath mourned in sorrow,
In Thy short sojourn here.

Care for me, my Redeemer,
In this mine hour of woe ;
If Thine eye will not pity,
O ! whither shall I go ?
Once Thou, in deepest anguish,
Didst mourn Thy Father's face,
By clouds and darkness hidden ;
O ! grant me now Thy grace.

Care for me, O my Saviour!
In Thee may I be strong ;
Beset by fierce temptation,
Aid Thou against the wrong ;
Then shall this weak one praise Thee,
Praise Thee, the weak one's Friend ;
And give Thee thanks, rejoicing
With songs that ne'er shall end.

OUR SUN AND SHIELD.

BEHIND the winter cloud and storm,
The genial sun shines fair and bright ;
His beams the cold, damp meadows warm,
He clothes the lifeless fields with light ;
And thus our sun, when clouds arise,
When doubt and discontent appear,
Drives gloom and darkness from our skies,
And kindling hope dispels our fear.

When in the fervid Eastern land,
The trav'ler faints with thirst and heat,
How welcome 'mid that burning sand,
The shadow of a rock to meet !
And thus our shield, when, pressed with fears,
We faint in persecution's heat,
The shadow of our rock appears,
And offers us a sure retreat.

Thus ever, from the heat and storm,
Our shelter and our shield we seek,
Our cold and callous hearts to warm,
To give us strength when faint and weak.
No other love so full and free ;
No other arm so strong and true,
To help us in extremity,
And take us safe life's journey through.

LIFT UP THE STANDARD.

LIFT up the standard of the cross,
Higher, yet higher ;
Its honor must not suffer loss
In the dread fire ;
Bear it triumphant in the front,
Into the battle's fiercest brunt,
Nigher and nigher.

Raise it with courage to the sky
Where there is danger ;
Fearless in the free air to fly, —
It is no stranger ;
Long have its folds withstood the gale,
In His great name we cannot fail,
He's our avenger.

Strong in the cause of truth and right,
Dearer and dearer,
Piercing the blackest clouds with light,
Clearer and clearer,

Comes in upon the darkest night
That banner to our longing sight,
Nearer and nearer.

Firmly the holy cause maintain,
Never despairing ;
For He whose right it is to reign,
For us is caring ;
Ever His needful help obtain,
While yet that banner we again
Upward are bearing.

DRAW NEAR, MY SAVIOUR.

DRAW near to me, my Saviour ;
Draw near that I may feel
The welcome of Thy presence,
The joy Thy smiles reveal ;
And take away the pressure
That care doth on me fling ;
And let me see Thy glory,
My Saviour and my King.

Draw near, Thou dear Redeemer,
Thou ever-gracious one !
That I may know the service
Which Thou for me hast done ;
And find, in all my weakness,
An arm so strong as Thine,
To bear me o'er life's billows
Unto the land divine.

Draw near, Thou best-beloved !
And in this heart of mine
Take up Thy favored dwelling,—
A home for Thee and Thine ;

I know 'tis all unworthy,
And long defiled by sin,
Yet Thou wilt make it holy
When Thou dost enter in.

Draw near, Thou precious Saviour !
Draw near, and let me rest
Upon Thy loving bosom,
With those whom Thou hast blessed.
With Thee, 'tis nought to favor,
And yet 'tis all to me,
The pledge of life eternal,
To live so near to Thee.

“JESUS IS DRAWING NEAR.”

THE clouds have been dark and heavy,
But now they are breaking fast ;
The weight of the gloomy shadows
Is lifting, yes lifting, at last.
I see the gleaming of sunshine ;
The day-star is almost here ;
I feel in this glorious presence
That “ Jesus is drawing near.”

The clasp that has bound me closely,
The clasp of the silver cord,
Each moment I feel to loosen,
And soon I shall be with my Lord ;
The bonds of earthly endearment
Give place to a tie more dear ;
I know by the sound of the footsteps
That “ Jesus is drawing near.”

I feel that the bowl is breaking,
The precious, the golden bowl ;

The fountain of life is sinking ;
 Deep waters flow over my soul ;
 The time of parting is hasting,
 Ye loved ones of earth so dear ;
 Yet sweet is the whisper which tells me
 That "Jesus is drawing near."

The past has been sad and dreary ;
 The light has been faint and far ;
 And often the shades have hidden
 The face of the "morning-star ;"
 But now it lightens my pathway ;
 It shines out brightly and clear ;
 The sadness is gone, for it tells me
 That "Jesus is drawing near."

I see far beyond the valley,
 Beyond the dark-rolling stream,
 The light of a ceaseless sunshine,
 Where glories celestial beam.
 Come there, and meet me, ye dear ones,
 That soon will mourn for me here ;
 The joy will be sweeter for parting,
 When "Jesus is drawing near."

SEMI-CENTENNIAL HYMN.

GLAD hearts and voices sing
Our joyous welcoming,
Upon this day ;
Let songs of sweet accord
Rise from this festive board,
In gratitude to God,
Without delay.

Let no unhallowed fire
Our glowing hearts inspire,
Nor discord rise ;
But grateful thoughts approve
The memories that move
Our souls this day in love
For those we prize.

The passing days and years,
Laden with hopes and fears,
Are gone for aye ;
We count their measured tread,
And fifty now have fled,
In goodly column led,
Forever by.

Let not a vain regret
That these bright suns have set,
Disturb our joy ;
But calm and lasting peace
Within our hearts increase,
And songs that ne'er shall cease,
Our tongues employ.

God has been ever kind,
And we so often blind,
Through all these years ;
We praise Him for his care ;
We worship Him in prayer ;
And trust His love to bear
Us o'er our fears.

FOLLOW JESUS.

YE who bear the Christian name,
Follow Him whose name ye bear ;
Help the wounded and the lame,
Each thy brother's burden share ;
Clothe the naked from thy store, '
Feed the hungry from thy food,
Open to the poor thy door,
Follow Him in doing good.

Give with earnest, cheerful heart,
Nor with niggard hand bestow ;
What He bids thee thus impart,
Give not grudgingly, nor slow.
Come they not from Him alone,
All thy riches, all thy gain ?
Shall he not reclaim His own,
To relieve His children's pain ?

Give as thou wouldst have return,
Measure full, pressed down, run o'er ;
Then thy willing heart shall learn,
He that giveth most, hath more.
His, the cattle on the hills ;
His, the silver and the gold ;
Thine, to soothe thy brother's ills,
From that store of wealth untold.

“HE CALLETH FOR THEE.”

TENDERLY, lovingly, fall on the ear,
When in distress and in trouble we lie,
Soothing our sorrow and calming our fear,
Lifting the load that has caused us to sigh,
Words of good cheer, which are never in vain,
Spoken to hearts bowing penitently, —
Lighting the gloom, and removing the pain :
“The Master has come, and He calleth for
thee.”

Cheerfully, earnestly, striving to rise
Up from this region of profitless care ;
Patiently lifting the soul to the skies,
On the strong pinion of anthem or prayer ;
Gladly the message comes home to the heart
Bringing the blessing so full and so free ;
Strength to the weak, and sweet peace they
impart :
“The Master is come, and He calleth for
thee.”

Joyously praising the richness of grace,
That has redeemed us from sorrow and pain ;
Lifting the veil that has hidden His face ;
Bidding us look on the Lamb that was slain ;
Bow we with thankfulness low at His feet,
Daring not yet His bright presence to see,
Till to our joy the glad voices repeat :
"The Master has come, and He calleth for
thee."

A JOYOUS GOSPEL.

O^URS is not a cheerless gospel,
Asking much and giving nought,
Full of penance, full of torture,
As though peace with these were bought ;
But is running o'er with gladness,
Purified from all alloy,
Giving only love and blessing,
For its spring is perfect joy.

Ours is no exacting bondage
That the gospel bids us bear ;
Making life a ceaseless sorrow,
Burdened deep with pain and care ;
But it brings us perfect freedom
In the love of Christ, our Lord ;
Asking only willing service,
Giving back a rich reward.

Ours is no mysterious gospel,
Hidden under doubt and shade,
Far beyond our comprehension
In the dust of ages laid ;
But is truly welcome tidings,
Telling of the Christ who died ;
Of the free and full salvation,
Purchased by the Crucified.

THE LIVING WATER.

• **L**ET him that thirsteth drink ;
The stream shall never fail ;
Our Saviour standeth at the brink,
Its living waters shall prevail.
They shall renew thy strength ;
They shall renew thy love ;
And bring thee home to heaven at length,
To mansions of the blessed above.

'Tis an eternal spring, —
Its cheering waters flow
Fast by the throne of God, our King,
Where fruits and flowers celestial grow.
Our Saviour at the brink,
With kind and winning voice,
Bids every thirsting trav'ler drink,
And in the cooling draught rejoice.

Drink, and thy soul shall live
The life that never dies ;
The clear, refreshing waters give
A welcome entrance to the skies.
Drink at thy Lord's command,
And thou shalt thirst no more ;
He leadeth, with a gentle hand,
Thy feet to yonder blissful shore.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

NO sun the formless earth beheld ;
No moon broke through the chaos rude ;
Nor star the dismal shade dispelled,
That brooded o'er the solitude, —
When from the shoreless depths of space
Came out the voice omnipotent :
“ Let there be light ; ” night fled apace,
And day unveiled the firmament.

And o'er the toiling race of men,
The pall of sin like shadows cast ;
A ruder chaos ruled again,
And bound its hapless victims fast ;
Once more the sacred voice is heard,
In tones of all-surpassing grace :
“ I am the light ; ” the precious word
Reveals the Saviour's loving face.

Thus at creation's distant birth
Burst in the flood of golden light,
And from the bosom of the earth
Rolled back the curtains of the night ;
So, too, a far more deadly blight
Fled from the presence of God's Son,
Who, in His own resistless might,
O'er sin a glorious vict'ry won.

FEAR NOT.

THOUGH skies be overcast,
And darkness hide the way,
The shadows will not always last,
But it will soon be day.
Above the tempest's roar,
Beyond the chilling shade,
There comes a voice to us once more :
" 'Tis I, be not afraid."

Although a father frown,
And drive us from his door ;
A mother's tender love disown,
And bid us come no more, —
We turn with longing eye
And look to Christ for aid, —
He answers us from yonder shore :
" 'Tis I, be not afraid."

And all life's journey through,
 Whatever may betide,
Our blessed Saviour, strong and true,
 Stands ever at our side.
His promise is our stay,
 Though earth and heaven should fade ;
His voice assures us while we pray :
 " Tis I, be not afraid."

“COME OVER AND HELP US.”

A CRY from o'er the ocean,
A voice of sore distress,
Pleading with strong emotion
For Christ, our Righteousness,
Comes from a people hidden
In depths of heathen night,
Who seek, where all are bidden,
The feast of truth and light.

It fills the ear with sadness,
So full of want and woe,
With not a ray of gladness
The joy of hope to show.
It pleads for that rich blessing
That we so lightly prize ;
The way of life possessing,
Through which salvation lies.

Shall we refuse to lend them
The good we freely share,
The word of truth to send them,
Our wealth refuse to spare?
Shall we retain the treasure
Within our selfish hearts,
And keep from them the pleasure
The love of Christ imparts?

Shall our affection languish,
Our love grow cold and faint,
When in such tones of anguish
Comes up this sad complaint?
Shall we not still that longing
With gifts of light and love,
Blessings to all belonging,
That He sends from above?

AFTER THE DARKNESS, LIGHT.

WHEN the midnight shadows thicken,
And the gloom grows broader, deeper,
Over the unconscious sleeper,
Then the germs of morning quicken ;
Springing from the womb of night,
Bursts the rosy-tinted light ;
Tips with gold each lofty mountain ;
Flecks with brightness every fountain ;
While the darkness melts away
In the genial smile of day.

When the soul is sad and fearful,
Under dread forebodings sinking,
Weary with perpetual thinking ;
And the eye is dim and tearful, —
All the past a sealéd tomb, —
And the future hid in gloom ; —
Then the buds of hope are swelling,
Seeds of promise, joy-compelling, —
From those depths of fear and doubt,
Springs the glad rejoicing out.

When the night-shades gather round thee,
And the phantom footsteps patter,
Wayward fancies form and scatter,
And with unseen weapons wound thee ; —
Know that brighter hours are near,
From whose depths, so still and clear,
Joys shall spring, and sorrows vanish ;
Peace shall reign, and terrors banish ;
Night shall hide itself away,
From the presence of the day.

GO WORK AND PRAY.

GO work and pray : the time draws nigh
When all thy labor will be o'er,
When darkness shall enshroud the sky,
And thou canst toil no more.

Go work and pray : the day is short ;
The Master's harvest still is wide ;
The reaper's task may come to nought,
If thou dost stand aside.

Go work and pray : though weak and faint,
He aids thy work, He hears thy prayer ;
He knows no limit nor restraint
For those who trust His care.

Go work and pray : 'twill soon be o'er,
And then there comes a day of rest ;
The harvest home is on yon shore,
In mansions of the blest.

JESUS, OUR SACRIFICE.

WAS ever love like Thine,
Jesus, our sacrifice,
As from the cross Thy hand divine
Points up to yonder skies?

Pardon for years of sin,
Pardon for scorn and pride,
A conquest over foes within,
A welcome at Thy side, —

A promise of Thy grace
In time of greatest need,
An everlasting resting-place
For us in very deed, —

A welcome to Thy home,
When life has ceased its flow,
From whose fair courts we may not roam,
And nought but bliss shall know.

“FROM HILL-SIDE AND FROM VAL-
LEY.”

FROM hill-side and from valley,
And from the sounding main,
The gath'ring nations rally,
For the Redeemer slain.
They point, with hand uplifted,
To that dear sacrifice,
The weak one and the gifted,
Where all their glory lies.

They come from dwellings frozen,
They come from sunny lands,
Among the glad ones chosen,
To bear our Lord's commands.
The East sends forth her legions
From morning's gilded gate,
And from the Western regions
The ransomed ones await.

They turn, with glad eyes beaming,
To Him who once was slain
For them, their souls redeeming,
And lift their songs again.
They sing the great salvation
Wrought by the glorious Son,
And from each land and nation
Proclaim the victory won.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

EACH day this prayer I lift,
“Thy will be done ;”

Each day the bitter strife renews
That bids my stubborn spirit choose
Whether His will or mine shall be
The ruler of my destiny ;
Daily I need the gift
Of Christ, the Son.

My heart repeats the prayer,
“Thy will be done.”

Whatever separates my soul
From His sweet guidance and control,
I must resist and overcome
Ere He can make this heart His home.
Make me to feel Thy care,
O Christ, the Son.

In the dark night I pray,
“Thy will be done.”

In moments of distress and pain,
When I am tempted to complain ;

When sorrows thicken o'er my path,
And all the air seems filled with wrath;—
May I Thy will obey,
Jesus, the Son.

In the bright morn I pray,
"Thy will be done."
When pleasures tempt me sore to sin,
And those old foes rise up within,
With sudden power, to make me fall,
'Tis then He hears me when I call,
And helps me on my way—
The glorious Son.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

THROUGH all the long, dark way,
Amid the wilderness ;
Beneath the melting heat of day,
In nights of sore distress, —
The pilgrim walks in fear,
Dreading the Master's frown,
Whose words still sound within his ear, —
“No cross, for him no crown.”

And through the stormy sea,
Where the rude tempest sweeps ;
Where skies are black above, and he
In bitter anguish weeps, —
The pilgrim treads the path,
By sorrow oft cast down,
And hears in tones of seeming wrath,
“No cross, for him no crown.”

Through trouble and through care,
By anxious thought oppressed ;
Lifting in self-reproach a prayer
From his scarce-hoping breast, —

The pilgrim learns the way
That leads up to the throne ;
And still he hears the Master say,
"No cross, for him no crown."

A cross for him to bear,
A cross the Master bore ;
And then a crown for him to wear,
The Father's throne before ;
The pilgrim lifts his eye
As the glad word comes down,
And hears with joy the sweet reply :
"A cross, for thee a crown."

“FATHER FORGIVE THEM.”

FATHER, forgive them:” from the cross
Comes welling forth that wondrous
prayer ;
From soul to soul, from tongue to tongue,
The flowing waves of ages bear.
O’er the deep sigh of agony,
Through the dread pang of nameless pain,
The spirit triumphs o’er the flesh,
And soars to its own heaven again.

“ Father, forgive them.” In the hour
When none but frowning foes appear ;
When angry look and bitter word
Appall the eye, and mock the ear, —
May the lone heart break through the gloom,
And learn from that dear, dying One
To lift in truth that prayer divine,
And bear until its work be done.

"Father, forgive them," from the cross,
 Speaks to each persecuted heart ;
Blunts the sharp weapon as it flies,
 And from the wound removes the smart ;
While the sweet answer to the soul
 Comes surely back with tenfold power,
Bringing its own untold reward,
 In joy at death's all-dreaded hour.

THE PROPHECY

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE PROPHECY.

I.

THERE was an isle in yonder bay,
A gem of rarest lustre, set
In emerald, beautiful as day ;
While sparkling waters wet
The snowy beach, and threw their glitt'ring
spray,
As maidens kisses throw, in harmless play.

II.

The gay birds sung their carols there,
Among the flowers and greenwood shade ;
And in the morning's list'ning air,
Rare melody they made.
They loved that spot, so lovely and so fair,
Where danger was not, and they knew no care.

III.

The flowers sought shelter from the gaze
Of rude and undiscerning eye,
And grew in beauty as the days
Brought round the summer sky ;

Nor pined, in their lone silence, for the praise
That art gives nature in her thousand ways.

IV.

The sea-birds and the briny race
Held high and joyous carnival
About their home — they called that place —
In happy converse all ;
No discord, but in harmony and grace,
The isle and ocean answered face to face.

V.

It was indeed a fairy land,
A shore of unpretending worth ;
As fair as that old, fabled strand,
That spot of classic earth,
Atlantis, sought in vain on every hand,
Ever in bloom, by constant breezes fanned.

VI.

The deep-blue sky was ever bright ;
The far-off stars forever flashed
In beauty their clear, silver light ;
And here the waters dashed
Their foamy flood upon the shore at night
In gentlest measure, nor essayed their might.

VII.

Not far from shore the islet lay ;
The answering woods from hill and plain
Shadowed the borders of the bay,
And tinged the neighboring main ;
While men in their far wand'rings came that way,
And gazed like children at forbidden play.

VIII.

Strange tales of that lone isle are told, —
Of blood, and guilt, and mystery ;
And oft, when evening's shad'wy fold
O'erspread the dusky sky,
Came the faint sound of music, and it rolled
Across the narrow frith in measures bold.

IX.

And some have told of fearful sights,
Seen dimly through the distant haze ;
Of phantom ships, on stormy nights,
Amid the lightning's blaze ;
Of ships that sailed with neither crew nor lights,
'Gainst wind and tide, beyond yon rocky heights ;

X.

Of ships, in perfect calm that flew
As vessels drive before the gale ;

Was't magic wind so fearful blew
'Gainst their distended sail,
And shaped their silent course, at midnight, too
When spirits range at will the wide earth
through ?

XI.

And some have said with solemn air,
As if in very fear they spoke,
That phantoms chased each other there,
Beneath the pine and oak ;
And that those airy forms, so thin and rare,
To sight came never when the sky was fair.

XII.

And sometimes awful sounds came o'er
The placid surface of the bay,
And shrieks and shouts the breezes bore,
And cries, as when men slay
Each other in delib'rate mood, and pour
The blood of hapless victims on the shore.

XIII.

And yet it was not fable, all,
For men gave credence to the tale ;
Round many a hearth, when shadows fall,
And evening clouds the vale,

The story circles ; and to many a call,
The sire repeats this tale of shroud and pall

XIV.

Strange tales of by-gone days they tell ;
They heard them from their fathers' lips,
And they in turn from theirs as well ;
And so the record slips,
Of bloody deeds, that none but demons fell
Could do, nor they unless inspired by hell.

XV.

And shuddering ears have listened long,
And timid ones have shook with fright,
At stories of the time when wrong
Had conquered in the fight, —
When bad men triumphed, armed with hate
and strong
Of will, and joyous with blasphemous song.

XVI.

Red Rodan sailed through bloody seas,
The terror, and the scourge of all ;
His black flag floated in the breeze ;
While ready at his call
A hundred ruffians had, on bended knees,
Sworn horrid oath to follow and to please.

XVII.

No mercy to the hapless one, —
Short shrift, and quick adieu to life, —
The only favor ever done
To captive ta'en in strife.
Those bloody men old ocean overrun,
And roamed at will all seas beneath the sun.

XVIII.

Bold deeds were theirs on every hand ;
In very truth it must be said
Their name was known in every land,
And only known to dread.
Beyond control, subject to no command,
Unchecked, and fearless, roamed this daring
band.

XIX.

The lonely mariner at night
Kept anxious watch upon the deck ;
With eager eye, in that dim light,
Scanned every passing speck ;
And deemed each crested wave that came in
sight
The pirate's sail, or victim of his might.

XX.

We may not smile at useless fear,
Nor laugh at superstition's chain ;
The veriest coward would appear
The boldest of the train,
Could his own wish decide ; the name is dear,
Nor willingly would he deserve a sneer.

XXI.

Yet bravest men will sometimes yield,
And fly before an unseen foe ;
The brightest heroes quit the field,
Nor cause nor reason know ;
Nor hearts of oak can always hope to shield
Themselves from terrors which their fancies
wield.

XXII.

Then call it not a foolish dread,
A vain, a senseless, idle whim,
That valiant hearts are sometimes led
To shrink, when shadows dim
Of some impending danger o'er their head
Hang heavily, as night-damps o'er the dead.

XXIII.

They were not always idle tales
That blanched the sailor's bronzed cheek ;

Those were no gentle summer gales,
Upon an ocean meek,
That made those wrecks, and filled the air
with wails,
And palsied hearts at sight of unknown sails.

XXIV.

'Twas in a dark and dismal night ;
The lab'ring masts gave hideous sound ;
The waves flung back mysterious light ;
While on the cordage round
The lightnings played, and every rope shone
bright, —
The very air was laden with affright.

XXV.

A stout ship flew before the blast ;
A steady hand was on the wheel ;
And many an anxious look was cast
Skyward the storm to feel ;
While, bounding like a deer, the vessel fast
Leaped on, as wave succeeding wave rolled
past.

XXVI.

Brave hearts and many a stalwart form
Held converse on the drenchéd deck ;

Sharp watch they kept amid the storm ;
Yet such men little reck
The dangers of the main, they rather warm,
When in the tempest their hard tasks perform.

XXVII.

Right on with ever gath'ring speed
The vessel drives with spreading sail,
Nor heeds the blast, there is no need :
What cares she for the gale ?
She bears aloft the flag that all men dread ;
The motto, "Tales ne'er issue from the dead."

XXVIII.

Down from the rocky northern shores,
The gath'ring wind with fury sweeps ;
The chafing ocean writhes and roars,
And fiercely, madly leaps ;
From rock to rock, from cliff to cliff, it pours,
And dashes upward where the sea-bird soars.

XXIX.

'Twas fearful on the deep that night ;
The boldest seaman shunned the coast,
And braved the tempest in its might,
Nor dared to leave his post,

But kept the deck, watching with straining
sight
The eastern sky, to catch the dawn's gray light.

xxx.

Not so the ship that leaps the main ;
The dreaded dangers pass her by ;
The tempest threatens her in vain ;
She heeds nor sea nor sky ;
But like the war-steed proud beneath the rein
Of him who guides, she rushes on again.

xxxI.

The island lies across her track ;
The winds howl fiercely in her wake ;
The helmsman's hand is never slack ;
His course he will not break ;
But pointing upward, flings defiance back, —
That flag is tipped with flame, that late was
black.

xxxII.

She nears the land — she strikes — ah !
no, —
What mystery is here ? But hark !
The winds sink down, or softly blow, —
No harm can reach that bark.
At once the waves with gentle ripple flow,
The sails hang loose — they let the anchor go.

XXXIII.

With slow, uncertain, heavy tread,
One form steps on the vessel's deck ;
Pale, spectre-like, yet full of dread,
A fearful human wreck ;
Like some tall pine, with lightning-riven head,
He stands like one confronted with the dead.

XXXIV.

Gaunt shapes spring up on every side,
And gather round their captain's form ;
He speaks ; his word they all abide,
In calm, as in the storm.
He speaks, yet not in anger, nor in pride,
Nor fear, but grave like one by sorrow tried.

XXXV.

Solemn and slow his words ring out ;
He stands like one in absent thought,
Nor heeds the friends who stand about,
Nor seems to care for aught.
He speaks as one in dreams would speak,
without
The sense of present things, but wrapped in
doubt.

XXXVI.

Yet there was method in his speech ; —
At times, his kindling eye revealed
His former self, as unto each
His earnest look appealed ;
And yet it was as when the mind doth reach
Far out, and bid th' unknown its secret teach.

XXXVII.

And then he spoke : “ My men, last night,
Amid the intervals of rest,
The fever left me. Slumber light
Did visit my torn breast,
And sweet repose stole gently o'er my sight,
Granting me respite from the fever's might.

XXXVIII.

“ How long I slept I know not ; then,
With a strange feeling seized, I woke
Refreshed, with mind as clear as when,
Amid the battle's smoke,
I've stood upon the gory deck, with men
Around me slain. My sight, too, came again.

XXXIX.

“ And I was calm as when I stood,
And read beneath Italia's sky

The secret of the stars. My mood
Was quiet then, and I
Was ready for strange scenes, and yet my
blood
Scarce kept within my veins its wonted flood.

XL.

“ Long time with this strange feeling pressed,
I lay upon my bed, nor thought
Of what awaited me. This rest,
So sweet, so often sought,
Was harbinger of dread, my heart confessed ;
And anxious tremors filled my fainting breast.

XLI.

“ And then *she* came. I saw her plain
As now yon sea-bathed isle I see.
It was no image of my brain,
No terror's fantasy ;
The Lady Constance, whom I ne'er again
Had thought to see while I traversed the main.

XLII.

“ Slowly and sad beside my bed
She came, yet with that same old look.
It sunk into my heart like lead ;
That gaze I could not brook,

I dared not face. In haste I turned my head,
And breathless waited. These the words she
said : —

XLIII.

“ ‘ Years have not changed thee, Rodan ; such
The power that life of thine doth give
To proud imperious spirits ; much
I wonder thou dost live
To boast thy triumphs. Thine unhallowed
clutch
Defiles, destroys. There’s death beneath thy
touch.

XLIV.

“ ‘ And oft I wonder why the gale,
That visits swift destruction on
The luckless mariner whose sail
Floats carelessly upon
The deep, or some scarce-hidden rock, should
fail
To send thee where thy murdered victims wail.

XLV.

“ ‘ Did it ne’er strike thee, Rodan, — thou
Of guilt deep-dyed and crimson-hued,
Of crimes unnumbered, unrepented, — how
Thy soul, all blood-imbrued,

Has 'scaped the fire, the rock, the flood, and
now,
So obdurate, doth still refuse to bow?

XLVI.

“ ‘In sleep, in dreams, in waking hours,
Do visions of the past appall
Thee not? Dost never fear the powers
Of vengeance, lest they fall
On thy devoted head, like the fierce showers
Of ice in summer-time, that crush the flowers?

XLVII.

“ ‘The spirits rising from the sea
Should haunt thy conscience ; thy fell hand,
So foul, grown strong in cruelty,
Is turned 'gainst every hand,
And man abhors thee ; yet in horrid glee,
Dost mock his fear, and jeer his misery.

XLVIII.

“ ‘O thou degen'rate, can nought turn
Thy cruel heart, check thy career,
And back to innocence return
Thy noble powers? I fear
For thee, and I could weep such tears as burn
Into my very soul, to know what thou must
learn.

XLIX.

“ ‘What purposes of good thy heart,
Once turned to virtue, might attain,
What deeds of recompense impart,
And thou couldst live again ;
In acts of penitence allay the smart
Of injured innocence, whose curse thou art.

L.

“ ‘Can nothing move thee, sights of woe,
Nor tears, nor blessings from the hand
Of that Omnipotence, whose blow
Can slay thee, whose command
Alone preserves thee now ? Wouldst thou
but show
One sign of penitence, there’s mercy now.’

LI.

“ ‘She paused. Thus far I had not dared
To look upon her face again ;
Ye all bear witness what I cared
For danger or for pain,
In storm or battle ; yet when those eyes stared
So sadly, deep into my soul, I feared.

LII.

“ ‘Yet I, the fiercest one of all
The daring rovers of the sea,

Whose cheek no terrors could appall,
Whose heart no sympathy
E'er felt, nor pity showed, lay trembling. Call
Me weak, or crazed, on idle ear 'twill fall.

LIII.

"Yet there was fascination, strong
As chains of adamant, in those
Sad tones, which, like the siren's song,
Brought undesired repose.
I had no power to strive: the busy throng
Of mem'ry's children hurried me along.

LIV.

"I listened, hopelessly it seemed,
For aught that could allay my fear ;
Awake, yet heard as one who dreamed,
The message. All too near
The presence stood, and I had never deemed
It feigned: as well doubt that the lightning
gleamed.

LV.

"'Twas but a moment, yet the time
Drew in the acts of years. I saw
The gory deeds of every clime ;
The records of the law

Stand black against me, which in manhood's
prime
I scoffed at. Now they came like fun'ral
chime.

LVI.

"Long lines of shad'wy beings passed
Across my wakeful vision ; I
Had seen them all before ; they cast
On me no pitying eye,
Those victims of my cruel wrath ; as fast
They moved, each spoke those fearful words,
"At last!"

LVII.

"O ! that long agony that lay
With crushing weight upon my breast,
Of untold crimes in dread array,
Of years to moments pressed,
When mem'ry, faithful, had resumed its sway,
And swept my boasted triumphs all away.

LVIII.

"I had not thought that man could bear
Such wretchedness as mine, and live ;
Such utter misery, despair,
As held me. I would give

The longest years of youthful vigor, ere
Another hour of such woe I'd dare.

LIX.

"I know not but I may have slept
Through sheer exhaustion, while I lay
Unconsciously. I know I wept,
And did not try to stay
Those tears of anguish : well I knew they kept
Away that death that slowly o'er me crept.

LX.

"At last she spoke again. A touch
Of sternness mingled with the sad,
Grief-stricken tones, yet they were such
As melted me. They had
A gleam of hope, so little, yet how much
Of comfort ! Such slight straws do drowning
clutch.

LXI.

"Bold spirit of the ocean, whose
Black pennon dread defiance waves
To God and man, whose hands refuse
To spare, whose eyes are slaves
To cruelty and lust, whose foul lips choose
To scoff the suppliant who for mercy sues,

LXII.

“ ‘Whose feet are wet with human gore,
And swift to run in vengeance, much
I marvel that the moaning shore
Doth not refuse thy touch ;
That the fierce waves thy bark glides swiftly
o’er,
Have not, long since, engulfed the fiend
they bore ;

LXIII.

“ ‘That yon blue arch, that sweetly bends
To bless the hour of summer’s birth,
And those fair orbs, whose radiance lends
Such beauty to the earth,
Should smile on thee, whose every act con-
tends
With Nature, strives to mar what she defends.

LXIV.

“ ‘Yes, much I wonder that the waves,
On whose broad bosom thou dost sleep
In hardihood, when maddest raves
In wrath the storm-tossed deep,
Do not, to thee, speak ever of the graves
Of countless victims. Are the floods thy
slaves ?

LXV.

“‘Yet come with me awhile, and trace
The memory of by-gone days ;
Lift up the veil, and mark the pace
Of all thy devious ways ;
And gaze on scenes long buried in th’ embrace
Of years. Thy crimes have sure abiding-place.

LXVI.

“‘I count not years. They measure not
The date of crimes so dread as thine.
Bethink thee of that dear old spot,
Thy birthplace, too, and mine ;
When happier days bespoke a happier lot
For thee than thine has been. Hast thou
forgot ?

LXVII.

“‘Are they in thy remembrance yet,
The rugged hills of Brittany, —
The heights by forests crowned, that jet
Into the Northern Sea, —
Where thou didst gather flowers in childhood,
wet
With morning dew ? Canst thou those scenes
forget ?

LXVIII.

“ ‘ Canst see the grim old castle, where
We used to play in summer time ;
Whose ruined walls, so huge and bare,
We loved so well to climb ?
Brave castles then we built, of beauty rare,
And lived in them, but they were built of air.

LXIX.

“ ‘ Years grew apace, and every year
Was, like the one that went before,
Passed in sweet innocence ; no tear
Of grief our cheeks flowed o’er,
Save those of childish grief or childish fear,
Those sorrows, ere our hearts are seared, so
dear.

LXX.

“ ‘ The curse crept into Eden ; so
Into our paradise there came
The tempter, and thy young heart, slow
To reason’s voice, became
His victim. Daring deeds thy records show
Thenceforward ; bright, yet dyed with hopeless
woe.

LXXI.

“ ‘I sought to save thee ; that dark fate
Which made thee what thou art, kept
strong
And tireless grasp upon thee ; hate
Of all things good held long
The mastery, till thou wert fitting mate
For fiends and demons. Such is now thy
state.

LXXII.

“ ‘Down, down, can no good angel stay
Thy progress to the world of woe?
The demon with resistless sway,
Art thou his own ? wilt go,
Unblessed, unpitied, cursed, where light of day
Ne’er penetrates, where God’s smile cannot
stay?

LXXIII.

“ ‘Leagued with the source of evil, swept
The sea thy bark, and left no trace,
Nor felt a check. Misfortune slept ;
Want hid his haggard face ;
Gold flowed into thy coffers ; fortune kept
Her faith with thee ; yet hardy seamen wept.

LXXIV.

“ ‘The terrors of thy name, from sea to sea
In quick succession flew ;
Men trembled, and strove helplessly
Against thy gallant crew.
Proud navies sought thy lurking-place, to be
Forced back with shame, or sought thee fruit-
lessly.

LXXV.

“ ‘Wouldst dare to follow me again ?
Look on that noble brow, how brave,
How fierce the struggle, and how vain ;
Thy captive, can aught save ?
For him his fair bride pleads, — thy answer,
“ Chain
Them form to form, then plunge them in the
main.”

LXXVI.

“ ‘No cry gave back that nameless grave ;
'Tis registered within thy heart ;
The record thou must read ; the wave
So deep shall one day part,
And they shall gaze on thee ; and thou, so
brave,
Shalt call on mountains and the rocks to save.

LXXVII.

“That pale-faced boy, whose mangled frame
A prey to monsters of the deep, —
Whom thou didst drag — what burning
shame !

Where they their vigils keep,
Is happier than thou to-day ; his name
Shall pierce thine ear, and this foul deed
proclaim.

LXXVIII.

“Once more — that dark-eyed Spanish maid,
Nay, nay, start not, for thou must hear,
Thou knowst I would have turned thy
blade, —

Be still, she is not near ;
She's gone, and I am here, not to upbraid,
Though my life's blood to thy fell soul is laid.

LXXIX.

“Not to upbraid — the wretched past
Have I recalled to view ; the long,
Black list its fell reproof shall cast
On thee, so full of wrong,
No need that tongue of mine should chide ;
too fast
The shadow clings ; 'twill crush thy soul at
last.

LXXX.

“ ‘ And I am sent to call thee hence ;
To bid thy wayward heart repent,
And turn, though vile and guilty, whence
The pardon comes ; am sent
To draw thee to that throne of mercy, thence,
Once more, to lead thee back to innocence. ‘

LXXXI.

“ ‘ I charge thee by thy mother’s love,
That deathless love that gave thee birth,
Which even now bends from above
To draw thee from the earth, —
I charge thee by God’s holy Son, to prove
The promise that His blood thy guilt shall
move.

LXXXII.

“ ‘ I know thou wilt. The Spirit tells
Me thou wilt come to me again ;
And thou must die. No chime of bells
Shall pour their fun’ral strain
Above thy grave ; nor yet in grassy dells
Shalt rest ; nor where old ocean grandly swells.

LXXXIII.

“ ‘ Thy tomb thy hardy mates shall rear
Upon the sod of yon lone isle ;

And men shall gaze afar in fear,
And hold thy mem'ry vile ;
Nor shall the boldest dare to venture near,
But in the distance, strange, dread sounds shall
hear.

LXXXIV.

“ ‘ Yet thou shalt know that God thy prayer
Accepts, though at the latest given ;
And this the sign that thou dost share
The untold joys of heaven :
Yon isle shall waste away, though now so fair,
And ocean, only, claim dominion there.’ ”

LXXXV.

“ The voice was still. I had not dared,
Till then, to turn my aching head.’
And now strange peace I felt. I feared
No more the sainted dead ;
But she was gone, and not a trace appeared
On floor, or wall, to mark the spot endeared.

LXXXVI.

“ I told ye, when she died, that ill
With sudden fever, she sunk down
So soon, and yet with stubborn will —
Nay, men, put off your frown —

Though ye all loved her, I was left to kill
The one who loved me best, who loves me
still.

LXXXVII.

“And then I slept. My mother’s face
Bent o’er me with her tender smile.
I was forgiven ; and I shall place, —
’Tis but a little while, —
My hand in hers, for I have run my race,
So awful now, as I its deeds retrace.

LXXXVIII.

“And now, farewell. With oar and spade,
Bear me away to yonder shore,
And lay me where our maple’s shade
Shall cool my brow once more ;
Yet there I shall not rest ; the spot shall fade ;
The sea shall claim its own where I am laid.”

LXXXIX.

The face had lost its sternness. Calm
And tranquil as the summer sea
He leaned against the mast, his arm
Upon it carelessly.
A strange, unwonted radiance, a charm,
Shone on his brow, that rested on his palm.

XC.

They waited, those rough, joyless men,
And still he moved not, but, with eyes
Upturned, gazed steadily, and then
They saw, with dread surprise,
That gaze was meaningless, and blank, as
when
In death is set. He'll never speak again.

XCI.

Amazed, they gather round him there,
With look askance ; then, as with one
Consent, without a word, they bear,
Beneath the morning sun,
The body of their chief, to lay it where
The cool shade mingles with the fragrant air.

XCII.

Sadly and slow they ply the oar ;
Each busy brain holds anxious thought,
As silently they near the shore ;
This hour, so strangely fraught
With wonders, paints such scenes as ne'er
before
They gazed on, nor would wish to gaze on
more.

XCIII.

A gentle slope, a grassy dell,
Inclining to the sun, they find ;
No stranger spot, they know it well ;
And now it brings to mind
Past scenes they would forget ; under the spell
They mingle now, a long, a last farewell.

XCIV.

Slowly they gain the vessel's side,
Spring to the deck, hoist every sail,
And bear them with the fav'ring tide,
Before the fav'ring gale,
Away ; and haste to place an ocean wide,
The sight and mem'ry of that grave to hide.

XCV.

Years passed, and generations, too ;
The legend sped from sire to son,
And thus in mem'ry lived and grew,
As tales have always done,
When oft repeated ; thus are ever new ;
So largely fancy mingles with the true.

XCVI.

In much of mystery there's crime ;
Yet men do love the mystery

In which the deed is wrapped, when time
The harsh outlines that lie
In view has smoothly rounded. Every clime
Has its wild tales, and every tale its rhyme.

XCVII.

Years passed. The verdant isle still braves
The elements, yet those deep woods
Have disappeared. The angry waves,
The ever-surging floods,
Are wearing it away, and ocean craves
Dominion o'er its sands, its fields, its graves.

XCVIII.

Years passed. The same blue sky o'er-
head, —
The same green main around it rolls, —
But no fair isle. A rocky bed
Proclaims the dang'rous shoals ;
And honest seamen shun the spot. Tis said
At night they hear the whisp'rings of the dead.

XCIX.

And now from off the distant shore,
Whose blue hills hide amid the haze,
That fairy isle is seen no more,
As in the former days ;

And that lone grave is gone ; broad waters o'er
It sweep, and swell, and heave, with ceaseless
 roar.

C.

No more strange sounds are heard at night ;
 No more strange sights, in tempests seen,
Disturb the peace of timid wight ;
 But silent and serene
He sleeps. The prophecy is read aright.
Rodan has rest. Yon isle has passed from
 sight.

THE BELLS.

THE bells, the bells,
With their thousand tongues!
How sweetly the sometime music swells,
As it floats in the morning air, and tells,
With the strength of their brazen lungs,
How the record of time rolls on ; how it quells
The tumult of passion within, as it dwells
On the quivering nerves,
And calms the tide, as it rages and wells
In its troubled course through the secret cells
Of the soul ; how it serves
The rare office of comforter, and lifts
Over the storm-clouds and through the rifts,
From the lowest depths of sorrow ;
How it rouses the sluggish and strengthens the
weak,
Gives joy to the downcast and hope to the
meek,
And brightens the thought of the morrow
With their myriad voices in myriad ways,
They speak to the heart through the nights
and days.

For every phase of the journey of life,
The calm or the storm, the concord or strife,
 There's a chord for each in the melody ;
The mellow and even tones for the calm ring
 out,
The clarion strain for the battle shout,
 The lively peal for the hour of joy,
 The low, deep knell does grief employ ;
The dying wail, like the wind on the sea,
Of sadness, and sorrow, and misery,
Are tokens as like as sounds can be.
And thus to the soul, through all its spells,
There comes the tone through its secret
 cells ; —
 The bells, the bells !

II.

 The bells, the bells !
 How the welcome swells,
When the sound of a nation's birthday tells !
And the echo rolls through the narrow vale,
 And plays 'mid the groves and flowers ;
It soars with the wind up the mountain
 side,
And leaps from the dizzy heights, when the
 gale
In its wrath o'er the landscape lowers ;

It speaks to the merry children at play,
With its throat of bronze, of the glorious day,
 And the children renew the strain ;
It touches a chord in the grandsire's heart,
 When the long-buried memories still abide,
 And the slumbering fires remain ;
It bids the smouldering embers start,
 And the record of youth rushes back once
 more

 From the long-hidden shore ;
He hears the roar of the cannon again ;
The flash of the blade, the shouting of men,
Take captive the eye and the ear as then ;
He sees with that strong, clear, inner sight,
A history written by right and might,
 A history precious and true ;
He counts the cost of that record fair,
In sorrow and anguish, in toil and care,
 In the prey that death claimed too ;
And the memory draws a sigh and a tear :
For many a treasure his heart held dear,
 Has passed forever away ;
Yet returns every year on this glorious day,
As the sound on the dull ear dwells ;—
 The bells, the bells !

III.

The bells, the bells !

A joyous peal of the marriage tells,
And the heart echoes back the gladsome strain
From its brimming chalice of bliss ;
And it leaps as it catches the pleasing refrain,
While it welcomes the sound as an omen
of good,

A pledge in the guise of a kiss.

It tells of a cot in the edge of a wood ;
Of the smiling faces at window and door,
And the happy pair within,
Who stand side by side on the well-sanded
floor,
With hand joined in hand and heart beating
to heart,

And their journey of life begin.

The blessing of Heaven is breathed on its
start,

And the dawn of its day is so rosy and bright,
So full of the promise of peace,
And the future so fair in its splendor of light,
That there seems not a cloud that can mar,
That the brightness ever can cease.

Anon in the heavens there cometh a star ;
New faces are beaming on either side,
And the scene is changing fast ;

The freshness of morning cannot abide,
But the full glow of noonday comes in its
stead,
And the twilight appears at last ;
Yet there stands in that light no shadow
of dread,
But the vision is bright as are fairy spell's
While the chime in the distance rises and
swells ;
Now full and rich, now faint and far,
It falls on the ear without a jar,
Gentle as twilight voices are ; —
The bells, the bells !

IV.

Dreary and sad is the funeral knell ;
Solemn the tale its dull tones tell,
And the heavy air is still.
The cypress wreath and the willow bough
Cast in shadow the spirit now,
And bend the haughty will.
Sunshine and joy away have fled,
And clouds hang over the place of the dead ;
The ear is heavy and slow.
No music lifts up its soothing strain ;
Hushed is the voice of melody ;
Grief's sullen waters flow.

With measured step, the sombre train,
So chill, so slow, so silently,
Moves from the chapel door ;
The hanging pall, the sable plume,
The downcast look, the guarded tread,
Of those who follow there,
Tell of the lone, forbidding tomb,
The joyless mansion of the dead,
Which all at last must share ;
And the black shroud that shadows all,
Is cheerless as the shades that fall
When tempests gather o'er.
Heavy the heart and dim the eye, —
The memory of the past is sweet,
The present is bitter indeed.
There's nought but gloom in the leaden sky,
The sun is hid, the shadows meet,
We lean on a broken reed ; —
That solemn toll the story tells ; —
The fun'ral bells !

v.

The Sabbath bells !
The glorious flow of their harmony
In the sacred calm of the Sabbath dwells.
The dear old strain on its majesty
Rolls out on the list'ning air,

And rises and falls like the flow of the sea
Breaking its measure on cliff and beach,

Or the wind when the forests are bare,
With its deep, fitful roar ; and those tones,
how they reach

So low in the depths of the soul, where they
tell

That old story, so old and so true,
That the spirit in sympathy answers, "'Tis
well," —

How He rested, the work of creation complete,
And hallowed, and blessed it too ;

And how, as the pulses of centuries beat,
When the worn heart of man longed for rest
and repose,

The Son, in the broad overflowing of love,
Came to earth, bowed in death, and on this
day arose,

To bless by His mission the sad nations of
earth,

Ere He went to His Father above.

There's a fullness of joy ('tis of heavenly birth),
When mem'ry feels the Sabbath bells' chord,

And the grand old anthem rings out ;
And the loved scenes that hallow the day of
our Lord

Spring up in the mind's eye, so fresh and so
fair,

Driving away every doubt ;
There is rest in the sound, in the pure morn-
ing air,
As it carries the burden of rare and sweet
tones,
(And the soul is seeking for rest from its
care),
And a strain of sweet music gives answer
to moans,
As the peal of the Sabbath swells ; —
The bells, the bells !

VI.

The bells, the bells !
What thoughts their tongues reveal ;
What treasure in their music dwells !
And how their varied voices steal
Into the chambers of the soul,
With steps as soft as summer air,
And calm the troubled waters there,
Or urge their listless roll ;
Lifting the weary load of care,
Soothing the surging waves of grief,
Sometimes so full of woe ;
Bringing with unseen hand relief ;
And with their unobtrusive power,
Their sweet and gentle flow,

Give sunshine to the darkest hour ;
And in the tempest and the storm,
Give peace and rest alone ;
They come to vivify and warm ;
And when the pleasant hours come back,
And joy retakes her own, —
When the fair sky, no longer black,
Brims over with the welcome light,
The wind breathes out no moan,
The day is joyous, and the night
As full of gladness as the day,
Comes out the ringing peal,
As blithesome as the birds that play
'Mid groves and fountains, and as sweet
As breath of flowers, where kneel
The angels, where bright spirits meet.
Thus their wonder chorus swells, —
The bells, the bells !

THE SEA.

I LOVE the sea, the dark-blue sea,
That dashes on our stormy shore ;
I love its billows, bold and free,
And the wild music of its roar.
For I can smile upon the gale
That rages o'er the crested wave ;
And sleep serene when storms assail
The waters that my vessel lave.

I love to plunge into the deep
To cool the fever of my brow ;
And feel the foaming ripples leap
Around my body as they flow.
I love to float its surface o'er,
And cleave the brightly sparkling spray ;
To revel in the floods that pour
Their wanton streams across my way.

I love to gaze when silent night
Comes down upon old ocean's breast ;
When moon and stars, with gentle light,
Reflected on its surface rest.

I love to see the morning break,
Its beams of rosy light to shed ;
And catch the sunbeams, as they wake
To travel o'er that glassy bed.

I love to stand when tempests dash
Their fury round my noble bark,
And view the lightnings as they flash
Their arrowy brilliance through the dark.
The wildest hours are peace to me
While on the quiv'ring deck I stand ;
I know the dangers that I see
Are governed by my Father's hand.

THE LAST INDIAN.

I.

ROLL on, roll on, in mighty power,
 Father of waters ; in this hour
 I heed thee not, old friend.
The swelling stream or sunny bower,
The winter storm or summer shower,
 No charms to me extend.
Before my eye the world grows dim ;
 And yonder bright and glowing skies
Smile on the agony of him
 In whom a once proud people dies.

II.

No child, no kin, to bear my shame ;
No friend to blush whene'er my name
 Is whispered in his ear,
I die, and with me dies the flame
That burned in deeds of deathless fame,
 In hearts unknown to fear.
Care I for dream of power or pride,
 Of changing scene or useless show,
When soon, old friend, thy ceaseless tide
 Before a nation's grave shall flow ?

III.

Last of my race, I pass away,
From lands where erst in lordly sway
 My fathers governed long ;
Like the last faint expiring ray
That lingers at the close of day,
 Or echo of a song.
Shine on, thou Sun : I care not now
 For genial heat or glowing beam ;
I care not for thy radiant brow ;
 My night defies thy brightest gleam.

IV.

Roll on, thou wild and turbid stream,
And let me stay awhile, and dream
 The bright dreams of the past ;
When these broad fields beheld the gleam
Of deadly arms, and heard the scream
 Of war upon the blast.
Once more let those bold heroes rise ;
 Let deeds of glory shine again ;
While yet these dull and fading eyes
 Can look on mountain, vale, and plain.

V.

Time was when forests clothed each hill ;
And in each cool refreshing rill

The wild deer slaked his thirst ;
From every glade, where now the mill
Sends forth its echo long and shrill,
The fearless hunter burst.
Strong was the arm that drew the bow,
And firm the step that trod the soil ;
Dauntless the breast that feared no foe,
No danger's form, nor ceaseless toil.

VI.

Ere yet the plough with glittering share
Had laid these fertile meadows bare,
Whence springs the flowing grain ;
Ere cities rose beneath the care
Of stranger hand, my fathers here
Bore rule with royal train.
Where rest they now ? On every mound
The grassy sod conceals a grave ;
On every river's bank around,
There rest the ashes of the brave.

VII.

Then, noble stream, thy waters bore
No monstrous craft from distant shore ;
No white sail decked thy breast ;
But calmly, 'mid the tempest's roar,
The warrior plied his feathered oar

Above thy foamy crest.
Alas! that time so great a change
Should cast upon a prosp'rous race, —
A doom so fearful and so strange,
That leaves behind it scarce a trace.

VIII.

Farewell, thou stream: the first hast thou
Of all my line beheld, as now
Thou seest the last in me;
And thou hast seen its thousands bow
Before death's stern, relentless brow;
With them I soon shall be.
Farewell, thou Sun: thy beams no more
Upon my fated race shall shine;
Thou skies, thou earth, thou changing shore,
Shall see no more nor me nor mine.

THE DYING GIRL.

OPEN the blind, dear mother,
The light will not hurt me now ;
I am sinking, fast sinking,
And the fever has left my brow.
I feel the cold flood gather,
And soon it will rise to my heart, —
I would fain see the sunset, my mother,
Again, before I depart.

Raise up my pillow, mother,
Take hold of my hand once more, —
Do not weep, I am going,
And my pains will soon be o'er.
Come near and stand beside me,
And pillow my head on thy breast ;
It grows dark : am I dying, dear mother ?
Farewell ! it is sweet thus to rest.

A MELANCHOLY LAY.

I'M usually a merry man,
And write in merry vein,
And never undertook but once
A melancholy strain.

Each line was sorrow to the full,
And every word was grief;
And so much perfect agony
Is passing all belief.

I copied it with every care
To fix the sorrow in,
And started for the printer's, then,
Without a thought of sin.

But on the way, with careless hand,
I dropped it on the pave,
And, turning, saw one pick it up, —
A jovial-looking knave ;

He was the picture of good cheer,
Of full two-forty weight,

And ne'er, I venture, shed a tear,
Nor grumbled at his state.

With hasty hand he opened it —
His thought no tongue may tell ;
He took one short and eager glance —
O, how his visage fell !

His glaring eyes fixed on the sheet,
Down sunk his lengthened chin,
And every tell-tale nerve revealed
The agony within.

Two big round tears rolled down his cheeks,
The overflow of grief,
And faster flowed, as still he read,
That horror-striking leaf.

Convulsions seized the wretched man ;
His tears still flowed like rain ;
And yet upon that fatal sheet
His eyes were fixed again.

Exhausted nature sunk at last
Under a load so great ;
And when they took him off, that man
Had lost a hundred weight.

In sunken eyes, in hollow cheeks,
In wrinkles on his brow,
Full threescore years of passing time
That one short hour could show.

They took him to the hospital ;
I saw him there one day ;
And from my soul the wretched sight
Will never pass away.

He stood as once I saw him stand
And hold that dreadful leaf ;
He looked, the tears still rolling down,
Th' embodiment of grief.

And ever since, when I attempt
To write a melting strain,
I see that monument of woe
Before my eyes again.

SONNET.

THERE is a beauty in the silent rose,
That bears so modestly its fair array ;
Short though its life, enduring but a day,
No discontent disturbs its sweet repose,
Nor useless murmur from its petals flows.
The sunbeams kiss night's dewy veil away,
And twilight sees it sink into decay,
Unconscious of the blessings it bestows.
Thus may our lives a perfect whole appear ;
Faithful in all things, let us act that part
Which He has bid us act, honest and
true ;
That we may say, when life's last scene is
near,
"The strife is ended ; rest thee, weary heart,
God is thy Friend, and He shall bear thee
through."

THE TWO GRAVES.

TWO graves there are in the forest glen,
And they nestle side by side ;
Away they are from the haunts of men, —
It is there that the dead abide.

Two hearts there are on the hill-side drear,
By a new great sorrow torn ;
Those two little graves hold their treasures
dear,
And bitterly now they mourn.

Two spirits there are in the blessed land,
And they flit by the forest glen,
And lovingly gaze on the hill-side band ;
They whisper sweet peace again.

The graves are filled, but the spirits are free ;
Rejoice, O ye mourners, rejoice,
And list to the tones so tenderly
That come from each spirit voice.

THE FAIRY'S ARTIFICE.

A FAIRY once lightly tripping
Through the merry greenwood shade,
Coyly the dew-drops sipping
As they hung on each grassy blade,
Gayly the measures keeping
To the hum of the insect crew,
Espied a maiden sleeping
On a bank where the violets grew.
A tear on her eyelid hung,
Care shadowed her fair young brow,
Her golden locks in the zephyr swung,
As it gently played the flowers among,
And into the ear of the maiden sung
The song of the maiden's vow.
The fairy stopped in her sportive play,
And soothingly brushed the tear away ;
She wiped the care from the fair young brow,
While she seated herself on the bank below
To read the maiden's dream.
'Twas such a dream as maidens love,
For it came from the purer realms above ;

'Twas a dream of a gentle, loving heart,
That loved in vain, and hence the smart ;
'Twas this that brought the tear-drop there,
'Twas this that clouded that brow with care,
And troubled the slumber of one so fair,
As she lay and dreamed in the summer air,
And love was the maiden's theme.
For she loved, and yet she could never tell
To the youth in her heart she loved so well ;
And she sighed, and sighed again,
As only a maiden who loves in vain,
Can sigh in her early sorrow.
And the fairy read the dream aright,
As she sat by her side in the mellow light
Of the lovers' moon, with her beams so bright,
On that grassy bank, in that summer night,
And laid her plans for the morrow.

The morrow came. In early morning,
Just as the day o'er the hills was dawning,
The fairy arrayed in her day attire,
In robes unseen by mortal eye
(For she could not endure the god of fire,
As he ran his daily course on high),
Sought out the youth of the maiden's love ;
And she strove with her gentle art to move
The heart of the youth to return again

That love which the maiden had given in vain.
So she stamped on his heart the maiden's
name,

And kindled therein the tiniest flame

That ever burned in a youth's warm heart.
She fanned it with many a tender thought
Of the maiden whose love he never had sought ;
And the flame grew brighter (the bait had
caught),

Till the youth could think of her or nought ;
She whispered her name in every sound
That met his ear as it floated around,
And she wrote it again in letters of flame ;
While he read or wrote, it was ever the same,
He saw or read only the maiden's name ;
And this is the way that the mystery came,

The fairy was plying her art.

And she laughed in glee at the merry plan,
As gayly as none but a fairy can,
When she has caught such a willful man
In her silken trap ; and then she ran

To her beautiful summer bower,
In the heart of the violet flower.

The fairy came on another night,
And saw by the moonbeam's mellow light
The maiden fair, but her eye was bright,

And the fairy read the story right,
For the gentle youth was there.
And the maiden loved, but not in vain,
For he gave her back his love again ;
And the busy hum of the insect train
Sung the welcome song of the happy twain,
As sweet as its strains were rare.

And the merry ones in the greenwood shade,
That sip the dew from the grassy blade,
And draw the sweets from the honey-flower
For the richest stores of the fairy bower,
Danced their merriest dance on the swarded
bank,
Where the violets bloom and the grass is
rank,
And sung their merriest song that night
When the lovers sat in that silver light.
And the fairy went home to her perfumed
dwelling,
While the youth to the maiden his love was
telling,
And she slept, as a fairy only can do
Who has brought together two hearts so true.

IN MEMORIAM.

LIZZIE C——.

TENDERLY,
Like shadows falling
At the close of autumn day,
When the winds with gentle patter
Summer's fading beauties scatter,
Speaking ever of decay ;
Or the breath of evening, moaning, sighing,
Through the forest foliage, sinking, dying ;
Chanting thus its plaintive lay,
Passing in its song away,
Came to hearts so full of sorrow,
Thinking of the sad to-morrow,
And its gloom,
The summons, calling
With a voice that lingers not, and pities never,
Our dear loved and loving one away forever,
To the tomb ;
Bidding us remember
How the dying ember
Slenderly

Leans on with feeble touch, and vainly tries
To catch the glowing flame that never dies.

Tearfully

We bear her to those portals,
Whence the spirit from the body free,
Soars above to immortality ;

And whence despairing mortals

Fearfully

Return again to earth their home,
Until their summons bids them come.

Drearily

And wearily,

Comes the morning to our aching hearts.

Listlessly,

Resistlessly,

Mourning ever as the day departs ;

Waiting for her gentle prattle,

For her pretty, harmless tattle,

And the ever welcome rattle

Of her merry feet upon the floor ;

List'ning for the joyous laughter,

Once so sure to follow after

Every kind caress. Is it all o'er,

So sweet and winning,

In life's beginning,

Can it be that she is ours no more ?

No more with fond endearing
Our daily pathway cheering,
And like the gentle star at morning light,
Has she passed out forever from our sight?

Comes there no light with its inspiring beam?
Through the deep gloom breaks there no
cheering gleam?

Comes there no answer, telling,
As the hours we number
Of her silent slumber,

In that cold and narrow dwelling,
That her winsome spirit hovers near us,
To sustain, console, arouse and cheer us ;

That her body, only, lingers
In the dread and icy fingers
Of our last great enemy ;

But the dawning
Of that morning
When the dead shall live again,
And the faithful ones shall reign,
Breaks upon her spirit's eye,
For He counteth those as pure,
Yea, and faithful, who endure ?

And amid the throng of angels, winging
Their bright way in fields celestial, singing

Anthems to the Son of glory,
Shall her voice take up the story ;
 Still repeating
 The glad greeting
That the Son of glory loves to hear ;
He who gave the little ones His blessing,
Their loved forms unto His bosom pressing,
While He strives to keep them ever near ;
 For them interceding,
 His sweet voice is pleading,
 “Suffer them to come to me,
 For their angels always see
The face of Him who ever liveth,
And who the living water giveth ;
Yea, even they shall evermore behold
My Father’s face, for are they not my fold ?
 Forbid them not to come,
 Of such is heaven’s fair home.”
Cease we, then, our weeping,
While her mem’ry keeping ;
We will not think of her as sleeping
Among the valley clods, where creeping
Flesh-worms hasten to devour her frame ;
 But as upward flying,
 To that city hying,
Within whose golden streets, and pearly
 gates

A glorious welcome for our loved one waits ;
Welcome in the loving Father's name ;
 There she waiteth, she so dear, —
 Waiteth, while we linger here.

WINTER EVENINGS.

I.

A CHEERFUL fire is in the grate,
A mellow light the mantel graces ;
We gather round the hearth and wait, —
A little cloud of happy faces.

II.

The wind blows fiercely from the hill,
The snow against the window dashes ;
Within the grate the embers still
Start up and sink in fitful flashes.

III.

We care not for the snow or wind,
The while it whistles through the sashes ;
The settle covers us behind,
Before us lie the glowing ashes.

IV.

Without, amid the frost and storm,
Is winter's chill and dreary dwelling ;

Within, where all is bright and warm,
We spend the hours in story-telling.

v.

And so the evenings pass away,
Unconscious of the hours that linger ;
Uncertain yet to go or stay,
Awhile around the fire we linger.

GOOD-NIGHT.

I.

GOOD-NIGHT, good-night :
How many a thought this simple phrase
The heart by tell-tale tone conveys !
How swells its inmost depths to hear,
From those we hold in friendship dear,
The cheerful word, "Good-night."

In evening's light
We hear the mother's joyous tongue,
Humming the song the angels sung ;
It falls upon the list'ning ear,
And stirs the yearning soul to hear
The loving song, "Good-night."

'Neath moonbeams bright,
The lovers linger hand in hand,
Speaking the tongue hearts understand,
Dreading the hour that draws so near,
When sweetly, sadly, fills the ear
The last fond word, "Good-night."

With true delight
The willing form of childhood sleeps,
And age its cheerful vigil keeps,
When lingers softly on the ear
That word to youth and age so dear,
That earnest word, "Good-night."

"Good-night ; good-night :"
The promise of another day
Its joyful, honest tones convey ;
'Tis no long parting that we fear,
But sign of promise, when we hear
The welcome phrase, "Good-night."

II.

"Good-night : " the mother to the child
Draws down the blessing from on high, —
The Father's blessing, undefiled,
To guard, direct, and purify.

"Good-night : " the father to the son,
When in the silent hour of eve,
The labors of the day all done,
He waits the blessing to receive.

"Good-night : " from heart to heart the sound
Bears earnest of a coming day ;

Too deep for mirth, too sweet to wound,
The pain of parting takes away.

“Good-night:” it is a gentle phrase :
Let it be said with serious tongue ;
The tender wishes it conveys
Are dear as songs by mem’ry sung.

“Good-night:” it is a parting word,
And yet it does not say, “Farewell ;”
It seems, as oft the sound is heard,
Of meeting soon again to tell.

“Good-night:” the last word ere we sleep,
It bears a blessing, and a prayer
That our good Father’s love would keep
Us safely with His tender care.

MY SCHOOL.

THE merry eye looks up with roguish glee ;
The careless foot taps lightly on the
floor ;

And sounding lips the lessons whisper o'er ;
Reluctant boys a dark perspective see,
While willful maidens pout persistently ;

The studious strive with earnest, steady zeal ;
The idle dread the threat'ning rod to feel ;
And romping mischief sighs most dolefully.

At times the hours move slowly with the cares
And irritations of the changeful group ;
The well-learned recitation oft repairs

The fault again, the while the merry troop
Makes cheerful music to the weary ear,
And banishes fatigue and boding fear.

THE TEMPEST.

ALL day the fiery sun
Darted his burning rays along the ground;
His scorching steps strode slowly, one by one,
And gave abroad no sound;
The lazy air hung down,
Like a dull weight, dead'ning alike the sense
Of man and nature, country and the town,
Close, heated, and intense.

The flowers their petals closed,
And, drooping to the earth, their beauty hid;
The very birds among the leaflets dozed,
And slept the boughs amid;
The maize rolled up its leaves;
The growing plants, within the garden's bound,
Relaxed their wonted vigor, and the sheaves
Of grain lay on the ground.

The cattle in the shade
Of friendly trees lay panting and oppressed;
The watch-dog, at full length in kennel laid,
Essayed in vain to rest;

The insects' murm'ring song,
Almost perpetual, seemed at last to cease,
While the swift-moving reptile crept along ;
And sought his den in peace.

Anon the shadows hide
The burning glare of the relentless sun ;
Clouds form unconsciously on every side ;
And through the gath'ring dun,
The distant lightnings glow ;
And quick, broad flashes flood the threat'ning
sky ;
The rumbling thunder, deep, intense, and slow,
Draws every instant nigh.

Flash follows flash, and peal
On peal resounds in awful echoes through
The trembling air. The forest giants reel,
The winds their strength renew ;
And now the rain-drops fly
In sweeping gusts, and now in torrents pour
Upon the thirsty earth ; while fierce and high
The tempest surges roar.

The blast dies out at length, —
The thunder-peal is hushed, the lightning's
glow

Fades from the sight, the gale has lost its
strength,

The rain has ceased its flow ;

Tempest, and storm, and flood

Give place to welcome and refreshing calm ;

And Nature's voice proclaims her actions good,

Her methods free from harm.

MY EASY-CHAIR.

I.

A CASTLE rare is my easy-chair
As I sit in its ample arms and doze ;
With shaded eyes I seat me there,
While life's real features around me close ;
I see queer forms in fantastic shape
Loom up in the light of my closed eye ;
In varying hues their figures drape
As they float in airy shadows by ;
I bring me back, in my waking dream,
The presence of one long passed from here ;
The form and face as in life they seem
In the charmed lens of this atmosphere ;
I hear him speak in remembered tones,
I almost feel the grasp of the hand,
Forgetting the tale on the damp grave-stones
Where they laid him away in silent-land ;
A gleam of light from the curtained lamp
Looks in on my vision, and breaks the spell ;
I hear by my side an impatient stamp,
And a hearty voice that I know so well.

II.

A castle fair is my easy-chair

As I seat me again in an idle maze ;

A robe of repose is the languid air,

And many a wile my fancy plays.

I seem to see that quaint old home,

On the side of the hill, in the sunset glow,
The same as it looked, ere, accustomed to
roam,

Mine eye sought a beauty, *that* could not
bestow ;

I see in the window that dear old pair,

As they cast down the road a longing look :

'Tis strange that I see them so plainly there,

For I know where they lie in the church-
yard nook ;

I almost hear the shouting within

From the merry group in earnest play ;

I know where the steps of childhood have
been,

And now in my dream I pass that way :

A shout and a laugh lift the curtain again ;

The patter of feet has broken the charm ;

Some brisk little hands are trying in vain

To borrow a foot or make captive an arm.

III.

A castle rare is my easy-chair
As I summon its aid in the evening hour ;
It takes from my heart the fetters there,
And gives to my fancy a wondrous power.
I call from the pages of bright romance
The magic charm of the "o'er true tale ;"
And witness the contest of sword and lance,
In beauty's behalf, by heroes in mail :
See *Truth* as a maiden in sore distress,
And *Error*, a giant of pitiless mien ;
The champion *Right* comes in with redress,
And *Virtue* in triumph closes the scene.
The stories of history glow with life,
Enacted in truth to my limitless eye ;
With noiseless foot I mix with the strife,
And shout in the moment of victory :
That shout has dispelled the dream once
more ;
The curtain withdraws, and still I am there
With shaded light on the sombre floor,
Snugly ensconced in my easy-chair.

THE PROPOSAL.

I CANNOT tell you how it was,
Nor how it came about ;
I am not sure 'twas special cause
That brought the secret out ;
I do not recollect the phrase ;
I doubt me if *he* knows
Whether the time be months or days
Since he ventured to propose.

I cannot tell you how 'twas done ;
I only know 'tis true,
That he alone my heart has won,
And won it fairly too.
It was not done by any form,
Nor yet in sportive play ;
He did not carry it by storm,
Nor was it thrown away.

I knew it was an earnest suit ;
I knew his love was true ;
I did not question that the fruit
Would be as certain too.
I don't know that he spoke a word,
The question to propose ;
My heart alone knows what it heard,
And his the answer knows.

EVENING.

THE sweet sounds of evening,
How softly they fall !
How kindly the greeting,
In still twilight meeting,
When day is retreating,
They come at our call ;
The voice of the breeze,
The murmur of trees,
The roll of the seas, —
All the sweet sounds of evening.

The bright tints are fading
Along the fair west ;
The shadows are nearing,
And stars are appearing,
The landscape is wearing
A mantle of rest ;
We see not the bird,
His song is not heard, —
We speak not a word,
For the bright tints are fading.

There's music in silence,
 It softens the heart ;
Than song more enduring,
Than sight more alluring —
The thoughts more assuring
 These still hours impart.
They bear us on high,
They point to the sky,
Where our thoughts ever fly,
In the music of silence.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

O WHENCE this feeling of distress and
 pain,
 This dire foreboding of impending woe,
That weighs upon my heart, and dulls my
 brain,
 This harrowing fear of what I cannot know?

What is this nameless, what this joyless thing,
 This indescribable and shapeless dread,
That to my spirit doth so closely cling,
 That comes unbidden, with its silent tread?

A strange presentiment of coming ill,
 A shadow from the future o'er my way,
That saddens all my life, o'erpowers my will,
 And turns to blackest night my brightest
 day.

Is it the presence of some evil sprite,
 Some haunting ghost that will not let me
 rest,

That follows all my steps with constant spite,
With torturing whispers fills my aching
breast?

Is it the mem'ry of some dreadful deed,
Ill-omened demon of suspicion foul,
With crushing power that makes my sad heart
bleed,
And to my ear seems some lost spirit's howl?

O, whence this load of speechless agony,
This voiceless sorrow that the full soul
loathes,
That changes joyful hours to misery,
And every dream with sombre garment
clothes?

Tell me, ye spirits of the unseen world,
All ye who wear th' habiliments of grief
Is this remorse, so fiercely on me hurled,
And is there nothing to afford relief?

Peace, peace, sad spirit, with thy murm'ring
wail,
And cease thy useless, thy complaining cry!
Take physic, *that* alone will aught avail;
Disgorge thy stomach of that oyster-pie.

UNDER' THE WILLOW.

UNDER the willow
The death-angel keeps
His ceaseless vigil with folded wings ;
The moan of the billow
Falls cold on his pillow ;
He heeds not the creeping, nameless things
That dwell where he sleeps,
Under the willow.

Under the willow
Sad memory weeps ;
The heart its reluctant tribute brings
To soothe his lone pillow ;
Far off on the billow
The dirge of the restless spirit sings ;
The wild echo sweeps
Under the willow.

Under the willow
The husbandman reaps ;
His tireless sickle with keen edge swings ;
He heeds not the pillow,

He hears not the billow ;
He knows not the sleeping one, who clings
So close to the deeps,
Under the willow.

Under the willow
His dust ever sleeps, —
His shackleless spirit roams with kings, —
And light o'er the billow,
Looks down on that pillow,
And loving wishes he thither flings,
Where memory weeps,
Under the willow.

SEPTEMBER.

CHANGED is the verdure of the branching
trees ;

The fading leaves desert the sturdy oak ;

The brilliant maple through the autumn
smoke,

And yellow walnut waving in the breeze,

The fadeless pines that thickly stud the leas,

With the deep crimson of the sumac vie,

With all the varied tints of earth and sky,

And the rich beauty of the changeless seas.

Gone is the beauty of the flowery June,

And the fierce heat of July's fervid sun ;

The languid August air is felt no more ;

The rip'ning influence of September's noon,

And cooler nights, proclaim the summer
done,

That the fair harvest time will soon be o'er.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER comes, with dainty step and
light,

Tipping with gold the heavy laden fields ;
His magic wand with rare enchantment
wields,

And o'er the forest spreads his mantle bright.

The clear warm sun at noon, the frost at night,

The rip'ning harvest, and the gath'ring crop,

The waiting burden of the fruit-tree's top,

Invite the taste, and charm the willing sight.

Farewell to summer's mild and gentle reign,

The festival of beauty and of flowers ;

Adieu to with'ring heats and scanty showers,

To fainting garden and to thirsting plain ;

The passing hours bring round the autumn
day,

Soon to give place to winter's ruder sway.

NOVEMBER.

COLD, bleak November with its clouds and
storms,

Its dreary winds and its forbidding face,
Rolls heavily upon us. Nature's forms,
So late replete with life, and clothed with
grace

And beauty, now lie desolate. In place
Of springing flower and rip'ning fruit, the
frost,

With chilling fingers, leaves its with'ring trace
Alike on field and foliage. With slow pace,
Summer and autumn from our view are lost,
And earth shrinks back at winter's cold
embrace.

The fleeting moments speak of dying hours ;
The lifeless foliage, only of decay ;
We learn wise lessons in the death of flowers :
Like them, in death we, too, must pass away.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER comes with rude and boist'rous
mien,

With vesture woven from the fallen snow,
His hoary locks adown his shoulders flow ;
In icy sandals clad, he steps between
The hillocks, and where all before was green,
And animate with life and motion, now
No living thing appears, but all things bow
Submissive when his dreaded form is seen.
Last born of that strange family, the year,
Whose measured hours now hurry to their
close,

He bears his parent to his last repose ;
Hugs to his icy bosom, fondly dear,
That wasted shape, but cannot bring again
The promised pleasures of his early reign.

THE TEACHER'S LAMENT.

DRUDGE, drudge, the livelong day,
Dream, dream, the endless night,
With sorry thanks and scanty pay,
With aching limb and straining sight ;
From morn till noon, from noon till eve,
Through scorching heat and drenching rain,
With nought to lighten or relieve
The ceaseless round of ceaseless pain.

Drudge, drudge, the toilsome weeks,
With fevered brain and hurried walk,
With throbbing pulse and pallid cheeks,
And ear confused with constant talk, —
The dull routine of changeless care,
The same ungrateful, thankless task,
Without a thought, without a prayer,
Or heart, the slightest boon to ask.

Drudge, drudge, from day to day,
With frightful dream and restless sleep ;
Forever work, and never play,
The same eternal cadence keep ;

The faultless lesson never said,
The perfect record never made,
The stupid wight by terror led,
The graceless scamp but half afraid, —

Drudge, drudge, without complaint,
For children's fault or parent's whim,
Enough to tire the meekest saint,
And turn the brightest virtues dim.
The blockhead dull without a thought,
The merry one without a care,
The pupil who will not be taught, —
Was ever such a load to bear ?

Drudge, drudge, the livelong day,
Dream, dream, the endless night,
Wishing the hours would pass away,
Dreading the dawn's returning light ;
Weary with labors spent in vain,
Spending the useless strength for nought,
Trying each effort o'er again,
Teaching the same so often taught.

IDOLS.

I.

BY the light of the midnight lamp,
With a forehead heated and damp,
The student sat in his easy-chair,
With closed eye and a listless air,
Striving with mighty power to clasp
The master thought that eluded his grasp ;
He shuddered with pain
At the effort vain,
Yet never gave o'er the tireless brain,
But always renewed the struggle again ;
There was in the distance a meteor light
That beckoned him on with resistless might.
The goal to be won, is it always the same —
The highest niche in the temple of Fame ?

II.

Before the wondering crowd,
With carriage erect and proud,
The statesman stood with a confident air,
Swaying the multitudes gathered there

With his iron will, like a torrent strong
By the force of destiny hurried along.

With purpose of power

He awaited the hour,

With patience that never relaxed its hold
Till the boon was gained that ambition fore-
told ;

When firmly seated above the great,
His willing hand drove the car of state.
The coveted place, is it always the same —
The post of power, and a noble name ?

III.

With an eye as cold as ice,
And fingers that grip like a vice,
The merchant stood by his warehouse door
And counted his merchandise o'er and o'er ;
Trying to reckon the golden shower
That flowed to his coffers hour by hour.

With collected brain

He studied the gain

That grew from the weary labors of men
Whose children pined for hunger ; what then ?
Must he give over the prize like a fool,
To practice for them the golden rule ?
The motto of such, is it ever the same —
“ The scrupulous player shall lose the game ? ”

IV.

The light of the student's eye,
Like the star of the morning sky,
Shall pale in the glare of the rising sun ;
'Twere better to comfort the weary one
By a word to the heart in kindness said,
Than twine with laurel thy aching head.
The summit of power
Is not sure for an hour.
The wealth of the merchant he cannot re-
tain ;
'Twere better to turn back the erring again,
To feed the hungry, and clothe the poor,
Than power and wealth vainly try to secure.
To help thy neighbor, whatever his name,
Is better than riches, or power, or fame.

THE SNOW.

THE snow-flakes glimmer in the air,
Tossed by the eddy wind,
And moonbeams flicker here and there
The fleecy clouds behind ;
The straggling rays of dying day
In the long twilight seen,
Yield slowly to the sombre gray
That guards night's veiled queen.

Dainty and white as eider-down
The Shetland eider yields ;
The foamy fleece from heights unknown
Buries the frozen fields.
Falling adown the frost-king's realm,
Falling with noiseless wing,
The myriad atoms overwhelm
The palace of the king.

The tiny things, as light as air,
Float idly to and fro ;
Without an aim, without a care,
Unconsciously they go ;
And through each faulty window-pane,
And all about each door,
They enter where the wind or rain
Has ever been before.

They build within the threshold guard
A rare fantastic pile ;
And by the window closed and barred,
And underneath the tile,
They enter where the sunbeam fails,
As silent as the light ;
On noiseless wings and pure white sails,
They guide their airy flight.

As silent as time's ceaseless wing,
As soft as spirit's breath,
They fall upon each living thing
Cold as the touch of death ;
They fold within their close embrace
The stately, voiceless wood,
And clothe the dull, gray earth with grace,
In gay and sportive mood.

Beneath the frozen surface hid,
A new life gathers strength,
And from the snowy flakes amid,
Beauty shall come at length ;
New life comes forth through pallid death ;
Warmth slumbers 'neath the snow ;
Spring's lovely forms and fragrant breath
From winter's bosom flow.

DEPARTED DAYS.

○ BRING me back departed days !
Days of gladness,
When the hopes of youth were bright,
And the soul was bathed in light ;
When no sadness
Shed out its heart-subduing rays.

Away in misty, shad'wy haze,
Ever streaming,
With a faint, inconstant light,
Sinking into changeless night,
Seldom beaming,
Lie visions of departed days.

Like shadows with their changeful ways
Still retreating,
Flying yet while we pursue,
Always bidding us adieu, —
Fair and fleeting
The mem'ries of departed days.

Time smooths away life's rougher ways,
Gently gliding,
Lends a golden hue to shade,
Charming while its foot-prints fade,
Still abiding
In glimpses of departed days.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

DREAMS, dreams, will they never come
back ?

The shadow of years lies across their trac
They flit like a bird of bright plumage upon
The dazzling beam of the noonday sun,
In the pathway of memory, transient and fair,
And light as the texture of summer air ;
They startle us by their unheralded sight,
They sharpen the pain by their unbidden flight.

They come with a welcome, they fly with a
cloud,

They brighten our sunshine, they deepen the
shroud ;

Like the reveries born on a moonlit sea,
They spring from a region of mystery ;
They enshroud us in clouds of roseate air,
As the golden light in the valley fair
Seems to flood with molten glory the gray
Cold rocks, and the flowers with its liquid ray.

They linger like dew on a summer morn ;
We think to retain them, and they are gone ;
They charm us with beauty, they soothe us
 with song,
But the eye and the ear to the spirit belong ;
They come like the sunbeam, they fly like the
 shade ;
They spring like the grass, like the roses they
 fade ;
Dreams, dreams, will they never come back,
Or lie hid in the shadow of memory's track ?

“THE MILLS OF GOD GRIND SLOWLY.”

I.

SLOWLY the coral island grows
'Mid ocean's deep, eternal throes ;
Beneath the fitful waves on earth's firm bo-
som laid,
The unseen forces are at work,
Which in the tiny insects lurk,
And the broad structure by their silent power
is made.

II.

Slowly the everlasting snows,
Where Blanc's majestic summit glows,
Gather, and waste, in the same huge yet
changeeful piles ;
Ever the same to human eye,
And yet are changing constantly ;
The wide, deep masses slumber in the dark
defiles.

III.

Slowly the ancient oak has grown,
Where the poor acorn once was thrown ;
Up through the friendly soil, and through
the genial air,
Day after day unchanged appears ;
Yet in the silent flow of years
Comes ever-varying shape, telling that change
is there.

IV.

Slowly the ocean and the stream,
Through the warm sun's compelling beam,
In silence, and unseen, their flowing wealth
exhale ;
Drawn into clouds by mystic power,
Descend in tempest and in shower ;
And forms of beauty rise, and sweets per-
fume the vale.

V.

Slowly the coral island grows ;
And slowly, too, the everlasting snows ;
The patient oak, with long delay, uprears its
head ;
The subtile mist, the falling shower,
Obedient all to the same power ;
Unseen, unheard, secure, the feet of Nature
tread.

VI.

lowly the human mind uplifts,
Amid the cloud-bursts and the rifts ;
With hesitating steps man onward, upward,
moves,
Through the thick darkness and the night,
Yet ever upward to the light,
And Nature guides him surely, and his way
approves.

VII.

Slowly the wheels of time roll on ;
Slowly the work of God is done ;
The varied races come and disappear in
turn ;
Yet man, the changeless man, is here,
Moving from out the lower sphere ;
And in the ages shall th' eternal purpose
learn.

VIII.

Slowly the varied scenes move past ;
The compensation comes at last ;
Amid the maze of mist and doubt the light
breaks through ;
The shadow of confusion lifts ;
And through the clouds and bursting rifts,
The sun comes brightly out, and all things
answer true.

SATURDAY EVENING.

THE day is past, the setting sun
With gold and crimson robes the west ;
The labors of the week are done,
And nature sinks in peace to rest.

The cares of busy life are o'er,
And back the troubled current flows ;
The anxious thought disturbs no more,
This silent hour invites repose.

The shadows deepen in the grove,
The insect's song delights the vale,
The scattered thoughts no longer rove,
But calm and quietness prevail.

The twilight lingers on the hill,
From the blue depths the stars appear ;
Each in its turn, so pure, so still,
Bears witness now that God is near.

The fading day-beams tarry yet,
Nor hasten on the shades of night ;

The past and future lines have met,
In sweet accord, and mingled light.

The mind looks back without regret ;
The future sees without a tear ;
The sun that lights the past has set,
The coming time approaches near.

The soul, relieved from sordid care,
Looks forward to the day of rest,
The Sabbath, and the house of prayer,
The day He sanctified and blessed.

Thus to the heart speaks Nature's voice,
And thus the heart replies again :
" Rest thee from labor, and rejoice ;"
" I rest," comes back the glad refrain.



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